

The Progressive Thinker.

SPIRITUALISM—Progress, the Universal Law of Nature: Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.—SPIRITUALISM

VOL. 37

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL 4, 1908

NO. 958

In Distant Lands.

Interesting Narrative of Travel and Experience
by LOIE F. PRIOR.

On Dec. 4, 1907, I again said "adieu" to my friends and native land, turning my face once more toward the West. Not traveling alone this time, however, my eldest daughter, who has been in poor health for the past three years, with her infant child, were my traveling companions. We left Seattle at midnight for Vancouver, B. C., where we were to embark on H. M. S. "Aorangi," for our long voyage across the Pacific. Although the hour was late, there were many dear friends at the wharf to wish us "Bon voyage." We will never erase from our minds the smiles and tears, intermingled, which our dear ones did not try to hide, as our boat pulled out in the stream. Although we have promised to return in two years, who can tell how many of those dear faces will be seen among those who come to bid us "welcome home?" We know, though, if we never clasp hands again on earth planes, there will be a reunion sometime, when life's pilgrimage is over, on the spirit plane. What a comfort to know that we will meet and know our own loved ones there!

We reached Victoria, B. C., early the next morning, and spent the day there going about the city, and visiting friends. The day was dark and gloomy, raining all the time, so neither one was sorry when the hour arrived when we must continue on our way. Leaving Victoria at night, brought us to Vancouver early the next morning, where we got our first and only taste of winter for 1907. The mountains round about were covered with snow and a cold wind blowing. We remained two days in Vancouver, owing to something having gone wrong with the machinery of the "Aorangi," and spent the time in forming some idea of the British Columbia city. At 2 p. m. Dec. 7, we were outward bound. What awaited us we knew not; it was well that we were in ignorance, for our hearts, sore and sad, I am sure would have failed us, had we known. Our ship barely rounded Cape Flattery until it was being buffeted about by a strong gale, blowing from the southeast. For five days and nights we were tossed about as much as a child does a ball; (the only safe place, our cabins, for only well seasoned sailors could keep their feet on deck, while everything had to be "lashed down.") Crash, bang, a shock felt from one end of the vessel to the other, and we poor women wondering if the ship would right herself or not. The old Pacific can be anything but peaceful, as we have learned by experience. When the storm abated, we were sixty miles out of our course, so the "skipper" told us, and we had to take his word for it, for the unmarked seas look all alike to the uninitiate. Ah! that great expanse of waters!

On the eighth day, Sunday, our sight was gladdened by "The Jewel of the Pacific," Hawaiian island coming into view. How quickly ship's attire was changed for street dress! How impatient all were for the port doctor to come on board, that we might be declared "out of quarantine." When one has had more than a week of ship's fare, he is anxious to know what land awaits him. We were to remain at Honolulu for twelve hours, long enough to get dinner and to see the city, if you went about it in the right way. We first thing we did was to hire a motor car. Being worried about through shady streets, along the sea shore, and to extinct volcanoes. When you visit Honolulu for the first time you exclaim, "How beautiful!" When you next may call, you feel that you would like to spend the rest of your days there, doing nothing, just listening to the soft speech of the natives, eating fruit, and gathering flowers. How softly could life's river flow along in such environments?

For three hours we were driven from place to place, getting a splendid view of sea and islands from the highest point above the city. Then back to the hotel "Moana," where we had an excellent dinner, nicely served by soft stepping natives. Light, palms, flowers everywhere. It did not require a great imagination to think you were in fairyland!

After dinner a moon-light drive was just the thing, so with a "honk, honk," we were again off. I think, if one wishes the mysterious spirit of enchantment, found in Honolulu to ever abide with him, he should drive about when the moon is at full, and if for guide he has Mr. Jim Quinn, who knows legends and stories of the islands, his pleasure is increased, for has not Jim Quinn been there for more than thirty years? Does he not speak like a native? The town clock was chiming ten-thirty (p. m.) and we perched on the top of the "Punch bowl," a large crater, looking down upon a sleeping city, which, with its many electric lights gleaming, seemed but the reflection beneath us of the starry heavens above.

How we longed to remain there, to give full play to the romantic fancy, that time and place called forth! But the "Aorangi" was sailing at midnight, and there was a dear little girl sleeping peacefully in her cot on that ship, while her mother and grandmother were "gadding about," that must not make the long voyage to Australia alone, so with a sigh in our hearts we said, "Jim Quinn, you must take us back to the boat." Ah, the ride down the mountain side, in the clear moonlight, with the sweet fragrance of fruit and flowers all about us, the soft call of night birds, the chirp of insects, the night sounds that seem to emphasize the stillness, breaking on our ears, and the fitting of shadowy figures along the wayside! The sweet enchantment of it all will

COLUMBUS WELLS.
Laport, Indiana.

In wonder all philosophy [say religion] began, in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the inter-space; but the first wonder is the offering of ignorance. The last is the parent of adoration.—Coleridge.

Spiritual Science, and Spiritual Scientists.

Trenchant Thoughts for the Careful and Critical Consideration of Thoughtful Spiritualists.

"Behold, the Harvest is Ripe, but the Laborers are Few."

The university of today is a prototype of the church of the future. Education is the hope of the world. The printing press has made possible the kingdom of God on earth.

Specialism and special education is the order of the day, and the specialist of today is educating himself along certain lines, and by the aid of special apparatus and instruments, is able to work out the problems for the benefit of mankind that was impossible in the old way.

The world is tired of theory and wants practical things that will benefit the individual and thereby humanity. Thus the Young Men's Christian Association has become an organization that is ever respected not only in America but all the world over. It has become so, however, not on account of its religious teachings, but because of its practical, social, uplifting work, and in teaching the practical things the young men want to, and rightly ought to, know, and which are of vital interest to him; therefore, it is growing, and is respected all over the world, regardless of creed or dogma, while theoretical, dogmatic, man-made religion is on the wane.

The missionary says: "I cannot interest the Chinese, or Indians, or Africans in my Christian religion, but I can get a medical man to open a dispensary and thereby minister to his practical needs, which I know he appreciates and will welcome, and then I will be able to wedge myself and my doctrines slowly in with the practical, and finally force myself and my doctrines onto him. Hence medical missionary training schools are flourishing all over the world."

Human beings are much alike, and many of us are not far removed from savage instincts and traits. Our wants and appreciations are much alike. Seventy-five per cent of London's population, fifty per cent of that of New York, and thirty-three per cent of that of Chicago are treated at the free dispensaries. Most of those who attend these dispensaries receive no benefit whatever, because their real ailments cannot be reached by drugs, but could be reached by teaching them where the fault lies. Most of them are poor, ignorant people who ought to be taught how to live properly, but the dispensary naturally cannot do. Here, then, to some extent the Christian Scientist and the Christian Psychologist are finding a field which they poorly occupy.

A practical hygienic religion, however, could do much to help make life pleasant for these poor souls, by teaching them things they ought to know and thus relieve them of this burden and teaching them how to maintain good health.

The Congress of mothers, and the increased interest in eugenics is filling a great neglected field, but it can never accomplish the results it should until it is divided into small units, and until it educates the individual mother. President Roosevelt recognized this principle, when in his address at the Congress of Mothers in Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago, he said that the only hope to do work at its best was along the lines of special and individual education.

The Church of the Future must aim to do practical things, and not as they are worked out by special lines of education. Not only must she do practical things to lift up and help along by practical education; but she must encourage and aid science in every way that she can, for science is only a classification of correlated facts, which occur in nature, and system and order are easily shown to rule the world. The scientist aims to "show to the line, let the chips fall where they may," and his aim, therefore, must be towards perfection, and he usually comes very near hitting the mark he aims at.

The appalling ignorance that is displayed everywhere in regard to the laws of health, especially shows that there is a field here that must be occupied, sooner or later, by some social religious organization. True, medical science has long since decreed that the highest good it can do to humanity is the teaching of preventive medicine, and hygiene, but practically very little done along these lines outside of the medical colleges about thirty years ago.

The Jews started with a SPIRITUALISTIC-HYGIENIC RELIGION, but they did not live in an age of science, and hence very naturally they drifted into ritualism and superstitious mysticism.

In our age, however, it is different. Practical things are wanted and encouraged. Crooked paths are made straight. Difficult problems are made plain.

This is an age of criticism, an age of investigation, an age when the old, impractical things must give way to the new, modern and practical things which benefit mankind, and therefore they are appreciated and encouraged by humanity.

Science has worked out many problems of hygiene, and since the knowledge of bacteriology and pathology play such important parts in the laws of health, the stimulus to recognize and study preventive measures has become greater than ever, then she will become triumphant and practical.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE must not only keep closely touch with science in every way possible; but she must also aid science whenever and wherever possible. There must be no

conflict. It is disastrous to those who oppose science. There can be no conflict, because truth never changes. Practical ideas must be worked out for the benefit of humanity, and this requires concentrated effort. Truly this will be educational.

Science says that a human being cannot die of old age before it is one hundred and fifty years old, and yet twenty per cent of human beings die before they are one year old; twenty-five per cent of human beings die before they are five years old; fifty per cent of human beings die before they are twenty-five years old.

The majority of the causes of death in early life are from pure ignorance, and could be prevented by educational methods that would prevent and educate the mother and father for the high calling of parenthood.

Millions of men and women are inhabiting poor, frail, weakened bodies for no other reason than that the parents did not understand the principles of child nutrition and hygiene. Practically every case of death from the broad scourge, tuberculosis, as well as the disfigurement and crippling that leaves in its wake, such as hump-back, hip-joint disease, as well as other forms of bone tuberculosis, could be prevented, and are standing reminders of ignorance, that could be and should be avoided.

The highest medical authorities today agree that the question of assimilation together with the quality of food, solves the problem of the treatment of tuberculosis in its early stages, and yet observe, if you will, in the majority of individuals, the essential elements of assimilation and mastication, which are the teeth. These God-given organs are abused by the ordinary individual, until they are decayed and useless, and the gums bleed, sore and spongy, and the mouths, therefore, unsanitary, unhealthy and harbor the most virulent kinds of disease-producing germs. Practical education in this field is very much needed.

The mother must be shown that it is not an offended deity, but impure improper food that makes her child sick, and that fresh air, not the cause of her cold, but the damage from the foul, vitiated, poisonous air from the ill ventilated room she lives in.

The man must be taught that his tired feeling is from the premature decay of his arterial system, from the use of alcohol, tobacco or other abuses which he comes and should avoid, and that fresh air, not the cause of his cold, but the damage from the foul, vitiated, poisonous air from the ill ventilated room she lives in.

The very latest medical opinion now is that practically all forms of heart disease, rheumatism and gall bladder trouble, are caused from germs that gain entrance through the mouth, and could, of course, to a great extent, be prevented.

What vast field, teaching practical things that will give the ignorant and the feeble-minded, and the unborn generations will bless the founders of such a religious system.

Scientists and philosophers frequently point out the way that, if followed, will bring rewards. Metchnikoff, head of the Pasteur Institute, and acknowledged the world's greatest living scientist, believes that the only way to live until the instinct that he wants to die comes upon him. Alas! How few reach that goal. Lodge, the greatest living philosopher, believes that we are on this earth clothed with its elements for the purpose of gaining experience and for educational development. If these theories are nearly correct, then one of our chief aims in life should be to receive such practical education as possible, and to endeavor to obey the laws of health, so that we may live long and gain the experience that goes with long life. What a vast field for a hygienic religion opens up along these lines, if these things are so.

The scientists of Europe are now beginning to turn their attention to the Spiritualistic problems, and sooner or later it is hoped they will bring practical results out of the present chaos, and make known to us laws and these must be taught so that each individual may know and understand them, and then apply them in his daily life. As it now is, shows all these things unreliable and the diversity of its teachings is such a conglomerated mass, that most people are disgusted with it, and prefer to keep out of it altogether.

Thinking people, however, are convinced that the foundation of all religions is one and the same, viz.: Psychic, metaphysical or spiritual phenomena, but that it now holds, and always was unreliable (perhaps because we do not understand its laws), and that it is constantly preyed upon by the charlatans and pretenders, but if carefully studied by intelligent men, over a series of years, and its laws be discovered (just as chemistry, electricity and modern medicine are now being studied), then I am confident that great benefit to humanity will be derived therefrom.

Not only must hygiene and preventive medicine be taught and made of practical benefit to humanity, but the spiritualistic part must also be made of practical benefit. A just message from loved ones, if given, must be

DON'T.
Don't train your guns on Jesus and the Bible, nor on Rome. Till you clear away the rubbish lying loose around your home. For the world will only measure by the things they hear and see, And will not endorse the shadow of the folks we claim to be.

Don't storm around the threshold of the church and curse the creed, Till you formulate and fashion and produce from better seed, Something free from fraud's pollution something that can stand the test; Just present the very purest and the world will do the rest.

Don't paw the air in ecstasy at scandal in the church, Till you know you are above it, and 'tis clean around your perch. Don't criticize a brother for 'knowing' to a Pope. When you blindly follow sirens down the everlasting slope.

Don't glory in the downfall of a mortal, though a foe. For you'll find Fate at the throttle with his freight of human woes. And you cannot tell what moment your own trestle work may break. And with that same brother mortal you your fatal tumble take.

Don't climb so high the mountain of your personal conceit. That you think you have the only and the safest higher seat. Let a neighbor of true justice, softly whistle 'round the base. And remove the false foundation with a true and easy grace.

Don't burst your shell with thinking that in knowledge you have all. When in fact, in truth and wisdom, you have just begun to crawl. And forewent out beyond you there is always more to learn; Don't forget this planet doesn't on your human axis turn.

DR. T. WILKINS.

BOGUS SEANCES.
Repeating the "Lord's Prayer," and Singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

To the Editor: Your letter of inquiry regarding Chauncey Britten being caught when posing as a materializing medium, came duly to hand. He was caught, all right. He is quite smooth in his work. He was giving a test seance that night. The test was: "To sit with his feet in a dish of flour, and with his hands flat," and thus fixed the seance began. He had as repeat: "THE LORD'S PRAYER," and then sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Before he went in the cabinet he said: "maybe he would not get more than one form, and maybe he would get five or six; so when he showed the first one he was caught. He had some black mosquito netting on for his hair, and some old faded netting fixed on for whiskers, and the light turned down. Well, when he saw he was caught he said, 'This is transfiguration.' He then said, 'I am a fake, and the one I learned of was a fake, and all materializing mediums are,' but that don't make that statement true.

Chauncey Y. Britten and Clarence Britten are given four seances at my house, and I think they were genuine. F. W. WACK.
Battle Creek, Mich.

WHILE HIS WORK IS BEING DONE.

He merits praise who bravely tries To win the rights that truth may claim.

To reach the ladder and to rise, Lured on by fortune or by fame, If while his work is being done The humble place he occupies Is graced because he labors there, If, pressing onward, he is fair Through all to those with whom he vies.

—S. E. Kiser.

Just as reliable as a telegram is today. Warnings, advice and consolation, if given, must convey the same as laws in chemistry, electricity or bacteriology.

Under the old system of the Jews, Egyptians and Greeks, the priest was the logical physician, and I firmly believe that neither medicine nor religion will give the best to humanity until the same rule will again be operative, and the priest-physician will be dominated by desires other than dollars and personal advertising. This, however, can not be brought about until medical science has achieved still greater success, and until the basic principles of religion are scientifically studied and its laws understood; meanwhile the organization which comes nearest meeting these requirements is the one which will do the greatest amount of practical good, and is therefore the one which will, meeting the practical requirements of meetings the practical requirements of humanity.

A thorough training in the fundamental principles of anatomy, chemistry, physiology, bacteriology, and cause and prevention of disease, is necessary for the future teacher as well as the knowledge of the principles of religion.

Such an organization or religious system, would go a long way not only in this land, but like the Y. M. C. A., would be commended everywhere and its founders blessed as well as the practical benefits appreciated by men and women all over the world. Such a religion must necessarily keep close to, and encourage, scientific methods. Such a religion should necessarily be called by its proper name, which would be naturally be "SPIRITUAL SCIENCE," and its followers SPIRITUAL SCIENTISTS.

DANIEL S. HAGER, M.D.
Chicago, Ill.

Soft is the music that would charm forever.—Wordsworth.

The Two Memories.

The Mortal Memory and the Spiritual Memory.—An Address by Alarice, to the Readers of The Progressive Thinker.

On one occasion not long ago when communicating with my guardian spirit through that excellent medium, Mrs. M. T. Longley, I was told that when asleep I visited the spirit world and associated with my spirit friends and participated with them to some extent in the occupations of spirit life.

Later I asked why I did not remember when I awoke what I had seen or experienced in the spirit world when my mortal body was asleep? I asked also if I had two memories? The reply was as follows:

"In Dreamland—a real land—thou dost gain soul experience; faint flashes might perchance come to thee in moments of the earth expression; but thou art then outside of the vibratory force that encircles and entrills thee when bodily sense is wrapped in sleep. Thou must gradually ascend to that vibration as sleep grows more profound with the body; thou art, then, in another world. On returning to earth thou dost descend to a lower rate of vibration, thus the soul fails to register its experiences upon the physical brain. There is a memory of the mortal and memory of the spirit. The later—higher—can review, contain all essential elements of the lower; the mortal memory cannot sustain or contain that of the spirit."

After this spirit had finished writing, Spirit Pierpont added a postscript to the letter recommending me to get the book, "The Mysteries of Sleep," by John Bigelow; for he said that book would explain further about the two memories. I got the book and found very much in it that enlightened me upon the subject of the Dual Memory. I will now read extracts from the book. First, I will give you extracts from Swedenborg's Arcana Celestia, published about 1758:

"It is scarce known to any one at this day, that every man has two memories—one exterior, the other interior; that the exterior is proper to his body, but the interior proper to his spirit. Those two memories are altogether distinct from each other; to the exterior memory, which is proper to man during his life in the mortal world, appertain all expressions by language; also all objects of which the senses take cognizance, and likewise the sciences which relate to this world; to the interior memory appertain the ideas of spirit, which are of interior sight, and all rational things, from the idea whereof thought itself exists. That these things are distinct from each other is unknown to man, as well because he does not reflect thereupon, because he is incorporeal, and cannot so easily withdraw his mind from corporeal things.

"Hence it is that men, during their life in the body, cannot discourse with each other but by languages distinguished into articulate sounds, and cannot understand each other unless they are acquainted with those languages. The reason is, because this is done from the exterior memory, whereas spirits converse with each other by a universal language distinguished into ideas, of their thoughts, and can thus converse with every spirit, of whatsoever language or nation—he may have been; because this is done from the interior memory; every man, immediately after death, comes into the comprehension of this universal language, because he comes into this interior memory, which is adapted to his spirit.

"The speech of words, as just intimated, is the speech proper to man, and indeed, to his corporeal memory; but a speech, consisting of ideas of thought is the speech proper to spirits. It is not known to men that they possess this interior memory, because the memory of particular or material things, which is corporeal, is accounted everything, and darkness that which is interior; when, nevertheless, without interior memory, which is proper to the spirit, man would not be able to think at all.

"Whatsoever things a man hears and sees, and is affected with, these are insinuated, as to ideas and final motives or ends, into his interior memory, without his being aware of it, and there they remain, so that not a single impression is lost, although the same things are obliterated in the exterior memory; the interior memory, therefore, is such, that there are inscribed in it all the particular things, yea, the most particular, which man has at any time thought, spoken or done; yea, those which have appeared to him only shadowy and with the most minute circumstances, even from his earliest infancy to extreme old age; and man has within him the memory of all these things when he comes into spirit life, and is successively brought into recollection of all of them: this is the BOOK OF HIS LIFE, which is opened in another life, and according to which he is judged; all final motives or ends of his life, which to him were obscure; all that he thought, and likewise all that he had spoken and done, as derived from those ends, are recorded, to the most minute circumstances, in that BOOK OF LIFE; that is, the interior memory, and are made manifest before the angels, in a light as clear as day, whenever the Lord sees good to permit it; this has at times been shown me and evidenced by so much and various experience, that there does not remain the smallest doubt concerning it.

"Men, during their abode in the mortal world, who are principled in love to the Lord, and in charity toward their neighbor, have with themselves and in themselves, angelic intelligence and wisdom, but hidden in the inmost of their interior memory; which intelligence and wisdom can by no means appear to them before they put off things corporeal; then the memory of particulars spoken of above is laid asleep, and they are awakened to the interior memory, and afterwards to the angelic memory itself.

"A certain spirit, recently deceased, was indignant at not being able to remember more of the things which he had knowledge of during his earth life, sorrowing on account of the light which he had lost, and with which he had formerly been particularly gratified; but he was informed that in reality, he had lost nothing, and that he then knew all and everything which he had ever known, but that in another life it was not allowable for him to call forth such things to observation; and that he should be satisfied to reflect that it was now in his power to think and speak much better and more perfectly, without immersing his rational principle, as before, in the gross, obscure, material and corporeal things which were of no use in the kingdom to which he had now come, and that those things which were in the kingdom of the mortal world, were left behind, and he had now whatever conduced to the use of eternal life, whereby he might be blessed and happy; thus that it was a proof of ignorance to believe that in another life there is any loss of intelligence in consequence of not using the corporeal memory, when the real case is, that in proportion as the mind is capable of being withdrawn from things sensual and corporeal, in the same proportion it is elevated into things celestial and spiritual."

Comments as follows on the foregoing by the author of the book, "The Mysteries of Sleep." "We find in the passages here cited, First. A recognition of the existence in man of two mnemonic functions, each quite distinct from the other; one which takes note of all our thoughts and acts, having an apparent bearing upon our external or phenomenal life in the mortal world; the other, which not only takes note of those events, but which takes note also of the moral quality, of the ultimate end in which such thoughts or acts originated.

"Second. That while some of the impressions which are recorded in what Swedenborg calls the external memory are ultimately obliterated, all which are recorded in what he calls the internal memory remain, even to the most minute particulars and shades, from earliest infancy to old age, and are absolutely imperishable.

"Third. That as in the spiritual there are no limitations of time, space, or sense; all communication is, not by the language of words, (Continued on page 9.)

Then the test started and quick action resulted. Things were done and when the smoke cleared away

the challenge, which science has always issued against religion, to produce evidence of a future life, it is seeking the same thing which it has found that belief has existed, and, in keeping the consolation which the belief affords, it has become as distorted in its perspective of life as any of the sects that it aims to displace.

The great error has been in the effort to combine science and religion in a manner in which they will not fit. Science has its place and its methods. Religion has its place and its methods. To combine the ethics and aesthetics of a ritual with the dirt and dust of the laboratory. The refinement, symbolism, and emotional moods of a ritual hardly consist with the confusion and triviality of scientific tests. That part of the work which aims at proof should be left to the scientist, and his laboratory methods which can never be carried on in public. The demands for the sensational only result in developing frauds to excite the wonder of the credulous. What the Spiritualists need to learn is the duty of referring the problem of investigation to qualified scientists. If they had been asked to agree if they had carefully eliminated the

of obtaining scientific proof of a future life. Nothing is gained by insisting on evidence that will not meet the strictest demands of scientific method, and the address of the mediums' brains equal has in its obstinate blindness to facts. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, and that is that no intelligent man intends to be fooled in this problem. We cannot afford to be fooled on either side of the issue, and we may as well keep cool heads and admit the truth of scientific method if we destroy our influence by the utterance of utterances that lead only to illusion and fraud.

The primary value of a belief in future life is its ethical implicator and the use that can be made of it by the rational men to support an ethical view of human life, private and public. It does not always moralize man by itself, if ever. But whatever value it may have, it is not an isolated conviction, we know enough of history, individual and social, to know that the rational man can strengthen an ethical view of the world by it. This being the case, the Spiritualists will have to learn that their methods have had their day.

It was determined, therefore, by the Council, that some systematic and thorough investigation should be made, to determine so far as possible the nature of the phenomena at Lill Dale; and I—as one of the Council—was asked to undertake the investigation of the phenomena occurring at that camp. Accordingly, I spent the greater part of two weeks at Lill Dale, from the 10th to the 16th, carefully investigating every medium, of course, and having several sittings there, and having several cases of certain mediums, where the case and the results seemed to warrant such prolonged inquiry. The results of this investigation I give below. Let me

Later, I have just called on Mr. Norman, and seen the plates taken yesterday. There is only one plate, and, as the second exposure, made in the dark room, was supposed to be on the same plate as that which was exposed upon the veranda. As a matter of fact, I know this to be untrue for the reason that I saw Norman change the plate slide, after we had taken up our positions in the dark

WOMAN: Four Centuries of Progress. A Lecture delivered at the 1912 Summer of the International Congress Chicago.

WOMEN: Four Centuries of Progress

The Vanishing Maidens of the Willow Isle.

A Highly Interesting Narrative, by Mrs. Ida
Lewis Bentley, of Garvanza, Cal.

"I will do all I can do," said Mrs. Hannah gently, and she went to her friend, Miss Dubon, who had apparently been sobbing during the whole of Hugh's story. I felt suspicious of Miss Dubon and I told Mrs. Milborn before we entered the room, and we decided to watch her. Our stranger guest had leaned back in an easy chair, closed his eyes and kept perfectly silent until now when he sat up very straight and said, "I have been listening to your conversation, and as for you, Mrs. Hannah, if that is your name, which I doubt—there is no excuse whatever for your conduct. You might have put your children in a home somewhere and made the county take care of your mother, and then you could have taken care of yourself like an honest woman and have no alliance with dishonest people anyway."

"I would like to ask," said Aunt Lucy, pleasantly, "if you were ever tempted to obtain money by deception?" "Never, madam!" was the stern reply.

"Then it is no credit to you that you never did," said my aunt. "For if you had been tempted the chances are you might have yielded. I cannot think, Mr. Wentworth, that you have never done anything wrong in your life, and who is to judge what is the greatest sin?"

"Whatever sins I have committed, God in his mercy has forgiven, and they will be remembered no more," was the haughty reply.

"During this conversation Hugh and I stretched some heavy rapers across one corner of the room and they now requested us to be quiet. Mrs. Hannah seated herself in a chair just outside the cabinet, but no one else changed position. The room was well lighted and not a movement could be made without detection. A few more minutes passed, and then a dusky form came out of the cabinet at once, but they quickly vanished. Then there appeared upon the floor an irregular patch of semi-luminous mist, which slowly rose into a human figure and in a short time stood before us the apparently tangible form of a young woman of about the average height, with long, golden hair falling in a wavy mass over a flowing robe of white. The girl turned slowly so as to bring her face into the full light, upon which Mom Vine gave a piercing scream and cried, "Miss Clara! O, for the Lord's sake, is this Clara herself, for she!"

The figure stretched her hands toward the old negro in recognition, and then without another movement vanished. During all this time Mrs. Hannah had sat motionless with her arms folded and her eyes closed, but now she sat upright and looked about her, but whatever remark she might have made was prevented by the unexpected happening.

Isabel glided from her seat on the sofa beside Ralph Milborn, and crossing the floor with a flowing robe of motion, stood directly in front of the stranger. Her eyes were closed, her form became rigid and her face white and fixed. In a moment she began to speak in a voice low, intense and pathetic. It was a poem she gave and the rendering was painfully realistic. I had my note-book—here is the poem:

They walked alone in the twilight hour,
Through the valley sweet and still,
While night's somber mantle
Wrapped round forest, field and hill.

They talked of love and her eyes met his,
With a tender, fearless gaze,
And many golden dreams she wove
As he pictured pleasant ways.

They two should walk along life's path,
Together side by side,
And she the fairest flower of all
His happy rose-crowned bride.

He took the hand of the trusting girl,
And away from her home he led—
We'll send for the person to-morrow,
Dear,

To-morrow we will be wed:
Weeks and months rolled steadily on
Bringing a sense of shame,
And the maiden wept in sorrow deep
For the person never came.

She thought of her happy childhood days—
They seemed so long ago—
Of the mother who wept o'er the runaway—
Ah, she should never know,

For she now thought of her darling child
As a happy, honored wife—
She would be brave and hide her shame
Though it cost her all—her life.

But the night grew dark, and darker still
And a hopeless blind despair
Clutched at her heart and from fevered dreams
She cried in frenzied prayer:

"O thou who once in Bethlehem
An infant helpless lay,
Look in thy mercy on the babe
I bring to thee to-day—"

O God, why am I left like this?
The mother's voice, gray wild—
None but myself I've ever wronged
And thee, my helpless child.

Near the church-bells ringing now;

Among those that bear Thy name
Is there not one, O God, to save
From death or paths of shame,

One who through love and ignorance,
And trust that was too great,
Deserted now by human kind
Can only pray and wait?

And he to whom I pledged my faith
Life's pleasant pathway trod,
A maiden's love again he claimed,
Wealth's treasures round him spread,

The world looks on and laughs and jests
And heaps on him no shame;
In fashion's giddy whirl and show,
His walks who bears his name—

The name my child and I should bear—
O God, is there no aid?
Pure I will die, for pure I've lived—
I know I have, I'm not afraid."

A cloak she wrapped around her form—
O God, my babe is dead!
I thank thee, Lord!—she took the child
And down the street she fled.

The silently stars looked kindly down
On the river dark and cold,
The river that many a secret held,
By human lips untold.

One more it took that bitter night
And on its bosom bore,
Till in the early wintry morn
It hurried it on the shore.

An angel came from realms of light,
On her brow a jewel was gleaming bright,
And the mother and babe she bore
From earth's scenes of night to realms of day.

And the world whirled on and the crowd rushed by
With never a pitying word or sigh
For the helpless victims laid away
From sight in the potter's field that day.

But one there was in the jostling throng
Where arose the ribald jest and song,
One hungry soul in the haunts of sin
Was moved by a pity that makes akin;

Her face was haggard and thin and bold,
And she shivered and shrank in the bitter cold,
As with trembling hand and tear-dimmed sight
She laid on the grave a lily white,

The last sad token—will God forgive
And let the sinner unpunished live?

At first the stranger looked at Isabel with amazement, but as she proceeded his jaw dropped and there came over his countenance such a look of terror as I had never before seen on a human face, and he several times shivered and looked about him as if fearful of seeing someone.

At the conclusion of the poem Isabel became very weak and I think she would have fallen if Hugh had not sprung to her assistance. Mrs. Wentworth staggered to his feet and in a voice that sounded harsh and shrill despite his trembling, said, "I do not believe in these seances—the wrath of God overtakes all who partake of them—I do not believe in Spiritualism, it's all of the devil—no wonder people are afraid of it—it's a delusion—a fraud—mind-reading. I am not well—it is fearfully hot here," and he mopped his brow with a handkerchief held in a shaking hand.

"It is light as day, and I must go at once: I thank you for your kindness—O this is awful," and he stumbled blindly toward the door. Hugh followed. "Come," Cephy he said, and as they left the steps Hugh said, "Just hear the dogs howl and the horses whinny! Even the parrot has been screaming all the evening. 'Dunder and blitzen—look out!'"

"Yes, the devil is loose to-night and has got into everything," replied the stranger, as he hurried onward.

"Poor man," said my aunt, "he cannot see that all the devil he is conscious of to-night is within himself. Many very good people honestly object to Spiritualism because they do not understand it, but no one is afraid of it except the very ignorant or those who have something to conceal."

"I am not well—it is fearfully hot here," and he mopped his brow with a handkerchief held in a shaking hand.

"It is light as day, and I must go at once: I thank you for your kindness—O this is awful," and he stumbled blindly toward the door. Hugh followed. "Come," Cephy he said, and as they left the steps Hugh said, "Just hear the dogs howl and the horses whinny! Even the parrot has been screaming all the evening. 'Dunder and blitzen—look out!'"

"Yes, the devil is loose to-night and has got into everything," replied the stranger, as he hurried onward.

"Poor man," said my aunt, "he cannot see that all the devil he is conscious of to-night is within himself. Many very good people honestly object to Spiritualism because they do not understand it, but no one is afraid of it except the very ignorant or those who have something to conceal."

"I am not well—it is fearfully hot here," and he mopped his brow with a handkerchief held in a shaking hand.

"It is light as day, and I must go at once: I thank you for your kindness—O this is awful," and he stumbled blindly toward the door. Hugh followed. "Come," Cephy he said, and as they left the steps Hugh said, "Just hear the dogs howl and the horses whinny! Even the parrot has been screaming all the evening. 'Dunder and blitzen—look out!'"

"Yes, the devil is loose to-night and has got into everything," replied the stranger, as he hurried onward.

"Poor man," said my aunt, "he cannot see that all the devil he is conscious of to-night is within himself. Many very good people honestly object to Spiritualism because they do not understand it, but no one is afraid of it except the very ignorant or those who have something to conceal."

"I am not well—it is fearfully hot here," and he mopped his brow with a handkerchief held in a shaking hand.

"It is light as day, and I must go at once: I thank you for your kindness—O this is awful," and he stumbled blindly toward the door. Hugh followed. "Come," Cephy he said, and as they left the steps Hugh said, "Just hear the dogs howl and the horses whinny! Even the parrot has been screaming all the evening. 'Dunder and blitzen—look out!'"

"Yes, the devil is loose to-night and has got into everything," replied the stranger, as he hurried onward.

"Poor man," said my aunt, "he cannot see that all the devil he is conscious of to-night is within himself. Many very good people honestly object to Spiritualism because they do not understand it, but no one is afraid of it except the very ignorant or those who have something to conceal."

"I am not well—it is fearfully hot here," and he mopped his brow with a handkerchief held in a shaking hand.

"It is light as day, and I must go at once: I thank you for your kindness—O this is awful," and he stumbled blindly toward the door. Hugh followed. "Come," Cephy he said, and as they left the steps Hugh said, "Just hear the dogs howl and the horses whinny! Even the parrot has been screaming all the evening. 'Dunder and blitzen—look out!'"

"Yes, the devil is loose to-night and has got into everything," replied the stranger, as he hurried onward.

"Poor man," said my aunt, "he cannot see that all the devil he is conscious of to-night is within himself. Many very good people honestly object to Spiritualism because they do not understand it, but no one is afraid of it except the very ignorant or those who have something to conceal."

a knock at the door and my aunt entered, seated herself and in her usual, straightforward manner began:

"I have come, Audley, to relate another chapter in the history of Willow Isle, and when I am through you will better understand what caused Mom Vine to cry out. The founder of this place was known by the name Devine. After he had been here several years he left the place and his comrades for a time, and when he returned he brought with him his daughter, Anita, aged twenty years, and Mom Vine, then a widow, who had taken care of Anita for eighteen years. Mom Vine told me that she and Anita were very much afraid here, and would have fled if they had dared. Excepting two black servants they were the only women here. Among the men who stood with Devine was a young man named Juan, and in a short time he and Anita became lovers. For several months the two seemed very happy, and then Devine again went away for several weeks. When he returned he brought with him two beautiful girls and introduced them as his nieces, Miss Clara and Miss Rena. Clara was seventeen years old and Rena ten. Mom Vine about, if not quite, worshipped little Rena, and if half she tells about her is correct she was certainly a most remarkable as well as beautiful child.

"After a few weeks Mom Vine noticed that Juan avoided Anita whenever possible and sought Miss Clara's society instead. Mom Vine noted as soon as she saw this state of affairs her heart went 'thumpy-thump,' for she knew Anita would do something dreadful as soon as she was sure of her lover's change of heart, and she did.

"One night when Mom Vine and little Rena and the two negro servants were walking in the moon-lighted garden, they saw Juan and Clara walking arm in arm toward a row of covered summer house when Anita sprang out from under a date palm leaf, which had screened her and sprang upon them. There was a gleam of steel, a hoarse oath from Juan, and Clara fell to the ground. Mom Vine and those with her screamed wildly and Anita, with Juan in close pursuit, fled toward a stone house where Devine and his comrades were holding a drunken carousal.

"What followed Mom Vine cannot tell, but Devine was slain and excepting one man, the whole gang with Anita and Juan rode away on galloping horses and returned no more. The one man that remained told Mom Vine that his guardian saint had appeared to him the night before and warned him not to get drunk for he would be needed, and needed he surely was. My brother-in-law spent a good deal of time trying to complete Mom Vine's history of the tragedy. He learned Anita entered a convent and gave her property to the church, and Clara died in the hospital to which she was taken as the result of her injury six months after it was inflicted, and it was this Clara, who came to us to-night."

(To be continued.)

An Experience of Many Years Ago.

I am a reader of The Progressive Thinker and have seen so much of the experiences of our brothers and sisters I thought it might be profitable to give a little experience of my own as all genuine truths are helpful and add to the lights along the shores.

My mother was a very staunch Catholic, always telling her children of that dreadful place called hell, and the inmates thereof. So much was said of that old fellow, we almost felt his presence at times.

When I was nineteen years old I went to a lady's house to stay a few days. I was three miles from home. When bed-time came I went to my room with a little twelve-year-old girl and went to bed without thinking of any harm coming to either of us. Our room was small. There was no one in it except us. My head had no more than touched the pillow, than I felt the left hand of my mother could feel the thumb and fingers pressed around my throat. It was positively a hand, but seemed not to be flesh, bone, muscle and blood, but something I could not understand; so in my innocent and ignorant belief I thought it was this old, so-called devil, and I began to pray; and I certainly did my part in praying—praying too many years trying to keep this old devil away.

How the spirit world ever succeeded in getting me out of the darkened pit is more than I can understand. How light began to dawn, and my fear of that old serpent left, and my fear of it was some poor spirit trying to get me to return and the room came to me. I went to my room and sat in the dark. I had no fears of darkness. As I was sitting for development, an old lady across the room I saw ruffe around the face. When I recognized her, she gave me the message: "The hand that was placed on your throat many years ago was that of my daughter, Anita."

MRS. H. B. VAN VOORHIS.
Morgantown, W. Va.

RAME.

A craving thirst for fame was never mine;

It was enough to dream and go my way,

To seek for fire deep hidden in the clay.

And years again to find one spark divine;

To strive, to suffer; yet to make no sign;

Salute the Fates, and what they willed obey;

To seek not of to-morrow nor to-day
And bide in strength, or either storm or shine.

And to that high hope which the Bards have sought,
The Tantalus fruit which men have mis-called Fame.

I am not urged, but leave my lusty rhyme

As some male foundling through the snow is brought,
To live or die, with or without a name,
Abandoned on the doorstep cold of Time.

—Ernest McGaffey in Unity.

Rational Memory Training. A series of articles on memory. How to improve and develop. A most excellent book. Price, 50 cents.

Investigation of Mediums.

(Continued from page 2.)

In my estimation, that no plate at all was exposed in the second case—simply a pretense being made, and the original plate "doctored" by the supposition is strengthened by the fact that only one exposure is sometimes made (so Norman informed me) and spirit faces come on that! But, as stated before, the faces appearing on the plate are quite inconclusive for the reason that no tests were allowed. This really strongly indicating fraud. For, if genuine, why should tests of a rational character be objected to?

After much delay, I finally succeeded in securing the two photographs, and not only are none of the faces recognizable, but they do not bear the slightest trace of any family resemblance whatever. They are as alien as possible. One of the faces is that of a woman; the other three of men, one of them wearing a turban. More than that, the photo shows signs of fraudulent manipulation. One of the faces (that of the woman) upon being examined through a magnifying glass, clearly shows the miniature indentations made by the electric needle used in reproducing newspaper cuts. This is clearly not to be expected, as heard, but can be seen to extend all over the face, even with the naked eye, when examined carefully! This face was, therefore, copied from some newspaper, or from some magazine, reproducing it from the paper, in which it originally appeared. One of the other faces shows clear marks of manipulation. The line of the hair extends some distance down the side of the head, beyond the point at which the hair would normally end, and shows that the face was cut out from some magazine, pasted upon a dark background, and photographed upon the same plate upon which my portrait was taken. I referred to this member of obtaining spirit-faces on page 319 of my book, "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism."

Since Mr. Norman would submit to no rational test condition whatever, and inasmuch as the photograph shows perfectly clear indications of manipulation, I think we need have no hesitation in attributing all that transpired through this individual's mediumship, at least on the occasion of my own visit, to perfectly ordinary methods of deception and the resort to spirits is absurd.

Sitting With Mrs. M. T. McCoy (Trumpet Medium).

Monday, Aug. 6, 1907.

By appointment, I called upon Mrs. McCoy this morning, and, after sitting, after a short wait, I was ushered into a darkened room, and a lamp was lighted. Every crack and crevice was then carefully covered over, and I was requested to take a seat in the cabinet—a curtained triangular space in one corner of the room. The darkness here was intense, only at the top of the curtain a faint streak of light became manifest, showing my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. Immediately I entered the cabinet and took my seat, the lamp was extinguished, and the medium entered the cabinet and took a chair close beside me, letting the curtain fall behind her.

I was asked to talk as much as possible, and I talked a great deal also. A hand was playing on the side, in the auditorium. In a few minutes (probably three or four) I felt a touch of the trumpet on the top of my head, very gently. I said out my hand carefully, and found the trumpet gone from the spot where it lightly touched my head, so that her skirts no longer touched me. I could not feel her as I could at first. Once or twice during the seance the medium advanced her foot and touched my legs, saying kindly, "I beg your pardon." It was evident that this was to see where my feet and legs were. A whisper then came through the trumpet, and I asked, "Is that the trumpet, or is it my foot?" The medium said she was not sure, so as to get her started. Later I was tended asking for tests. The reply was "yes," and the message continued, giving about the usual messages for mediums of this class, such as: "I thought it was this old, so-called devil, and I began to pray; and I certainly did my part in praying—praying too many years trying to keep this old devil away."

How the spirit world ever succeeded in getting me out of the darkened pit is more than I can understand. How light began to dawn, and my fear of that old serpent left, and my fear of it was some poor spirit trying to get me to return and the room came to me. I went to my room and sat in the dark. I had no fears of darkness. As I was sitting for development, an old lady across the room I saw ruffe around the face. When I recognized her, she gave me the message: "The hand that was placed on your throat many years ago was that of my daughter, Anita."

MRS. H. B. VAN VOORHIS.
Morgantown, W. Va.

RAME.

A craving thirst for fame was never mine;

It was enough to dream and go my way,

To seek for fire deep hidden in the clay.

And years again to find one spark divine;

To strive, to suffer; yet to make no sign;

Salute the Fates, and what they willed obey;

To seek not of to-morrow nor to-day
And bide in strength, or either storm or shine.

And to that high hope which the Bards have sought,
The Tantalus fruit which men have mis-called Fame.

I am not urged, but leave my lusty rhyme

As some male foundling through the snow is brought,
To live or die, with or without a name,
Abandoned on the doorstep cold of Time.

—Ernest McGaffey in Unity.

Rational Memory Training. A series of articles on memory. How to improve and develop. A most excellent book. Price, 50 cents.

Investigation of Mediums.

(Continued from page 2.)

is going to make a platform speaker of me! He may be a professor of languages, but if he mangled the other languages as badly as he mangled the English language, through the trumpet, I am afraid he would make an instructor very dangerous to follow!

The next spirit was a supposed sister of mine, who also promised to assist me in my development. At this point, the medium asserted that she saw a slit of light coming from beneath the curtain, and stooped down and adjusted the curtain of the cabinet. A few moments later an "intelligent force" began to manifest in the room outside the cabinet—shaking a bell and tambourine on the table close to the medium's left hand. It claimed to be the spirit of an Indian. Finally, the bell and tambourine fell off the table, onto the floor, and came inside the cabinet of their own accord. The medium took the tambourine upon her lap, but soon placed it upon the floor again, I sat with her movements. I had no doubt whatever that the medium picked up a thread, that was upon the floor, at the moment she pretended to adjust the curtain; and by means of this thread, pulled the bell and the tambourine, previously attached to the end of this thread, into the cabinet. I may say that all the information the trumpet gave me, I applied to the medium first, and false as well as true information was given back to me through the trumpet. It was therefore only a question of whether the medium produced the voice or not, and that we must now consider.

Several times, during the seance, I leaned forward in my chair and advanced my ear close to the medium's head. In this manner I was enabled to reach a point from four to six inches from her mouth. I distinctly heard the medium doing the talking herself—the sound of the constrained voice being distinctly audible in her throat. There was no doubt in my mind that she was doing the talking, as I could clearly hear it. Several times I saw the trumpet outlined against the light at the top of the cabinet, and every time the angle of the trumpet indicated it was pointing directly for the medium's mouth. Her own voice and the voice issuing from the trumpet were never heard together, and the voices were equal as the medium might easily have imitated. Several times I felt the medium moving about, and heard the rustle of her skirts. Everything pointed to the fact that the medium and she alone was doing the talking—even had I not heard her doing so. My conclusion is, therefore, that the phenomena observed by me through this medium are to be explained by the most obvious and simple trickery.

Sitting With Mrs. S. E. Pemberton (Trumpet Medium).

Aug. 5, 1907.

My experiences with this medium simply duplicate those with Mrs. McCoy. I was ushered into a darkened room, and seated in a chair close beside the medium. We sat in the middle of the room, in this case, and not in any cabinet. The medium sat beside me, after having placed a large tin trumpet on the floor in front of me, and about three feet from herself. The light was then extinguished. The medium grasped my right hand in her left, and we sat in darkness for a few minutes, chatting. At the conclusion of that time, a faint noise was heard to issue from the trumpet, and one by one all my old fictitious friends appeared—James Robinson, of Kentucky (where I have never been); Jane and Robert Henderson—my supposed mother; my father; sisters, brothers, grandmothers, grandfathers, as well as the customary Indian control—all of whom, with the exception of the Indian control I know positively never existed. Several names were thrown out by the medium, none of which were recognized (i. e., she was "fishing"), and relationships claimed which were false. The information was volunteered that my father died as the result of an accident on the railroad (quite untrue); and, upon my asking him if he remembered his last trip to Chicago, he replied, "oh, yes, quite well," and volunteered remarks about it. As a matter of fact, he had never been to America in his life. Much other false information of this kind was given, and it would be useless to repeat. Several times during the seance, I leaned over towards the medium and again distinctly heard her vocalizing the sounds in her own throat, and muttering or whispering them into the trumpet—the voices being modified or changed according to the direction of the trumpet—louder and more distinct when turned away from the altar, and vice versa. To my mind, the whole seance was obviously and conclusively wrong throughout. It remains to be said that the medium declared fraud severely just before the seance commenced, stating that there was doubtless much fraud in connection with the subject. Indeed, one would think so!

Sitting With A. Norman, for Slates Writing.

Aug. 13, 1907.

According to appointment, I called on Mr. Norman, and, after considerable waiting, obtained a sitting. The room in which the sitting took place was a small one, and was furnished with a table and two chairs. The latter were on opposite sides of the table—from which hung a table-cloth, reaching the floor on all sides. Almost one-half of this table was taken up by a large music box, which the medium proceeded to wind up as soon as we took our seats. It played throughout the sitting, until the writing had been completed on the slates. The table was pushed against the wall of the room, so it would have been an easy matter for some person in an adjoining room to have opened a trap-door, connecting the two rooms, under the table (hidden by the long table-cloth) and reached his or her arm under the table in that manner. But of this later.

At the request of the medium, I asked two questions—writing them upon a large sheet of paper—torn from a pad, and placed this piece of paper in an envelope. The questions were as follows:

(1) "Dear Mother (Jane Henderson):"

"Were you with me in Chicago the other day? I felt your influence strongly. You told me, Charles Henderson."

(2) "Dear Father (Robert Henderson):"

"Brother Bob wants to sell our old home in Chicago. Would you advise

Investigation of Mediums.

(Continued from page 2.)

Both of these questions were written upon a single sheet of paper, which I then folded and placed in the envelope. The latter was not sealed. The medium then allowed me to inspect two slates, which he placed together, the envelope between them. A rubber band was then placed around both slates. The medium then remarked: "Now, you hold the slates with me under the table." He took the two slates, and apparently placed them beneath the table. I placed my hand under the table on my side, through a slit in the table-cloth, and caught hold of the slates from my side of the table. In reality, an exchange was made at that time, and I distinctly saw the medium drop my two slates onto his lap, and hand me a duplicate pair of slates to hold. My slates rested upon his knees.

We waited for several minutes, when the medium remarked: "We have better hold the slates above the table now," and withdrew the two slates, placing them on the top of the table. He then covered them with a black cloth, and our hands were placed upon the slates, over the cloth, where they remained several minutes. The music box was playing all this time. At the end of about four or five minutes, the medium removed his hands, requested me to remove mine, lifted off the black cloth, and placed the two slates beneath the table again (apparently) when we again held them for some time. At the end of about three minutes, I was requested to remove the slates myself. On doing so, I found the insides of both slates covered with writing, while the envelope containing my questions were still between the slates. The answers were as follows:

(1) "My dear son: Mother is here to love and bless you. Go on dear in this truth. I am often with you and it was me with you. You have grand forces with you my darling boy, and you will receive grand things from the spirit side. Give my love to all and blessings will attend you. Mother, Jane Henderson."

Comments: The writing is exceedingly bad, and it will be seen that the grammar and construction of the "communication" is atrocious. "It was me with you!" And I wonder who Jane Henderson is? And she was with me in Chicago the other day? I have not been in Chicago since 1903.—When my mother was still living.

(2) The second slate contained the following message:

"My dear son Charles. I am here and so happy to reach you for I wanted to give you a little advice—both for the material and the spiritual. Yes, dear, I think it will be all right to sell the house. You will have an offer for it and I will impress you when it is right. Tell Bob I am often with him. Charles, we want you to sit and I will give you writing when you are sufficiently developed. It will give you more satisfaction than all the pleasures of the world. I have tried to show my face on your picture. Mother is here with me. Good-bye, Father, Robert Henderson, with love."

Comments: There is no such person as Robert Henderson, so far as I know. My name is not Charles. I have no house in Chicago, and never had one. I have not and never had any brother Bob. The same bad English, and the same bad handwriting were present, as in the last case, and obviously written by the same person. I may say that my father was one of the most expert and beautiful writers I have ever met, and spent a great part of his life writing. I need hardly add that the message is, therefore, somewhat uncharacteristic.

So, taking into account these facts, we may be certain that no spirit was involved in the production of the slates; and I may add that, since no slate pencil was placed between the slates, the writing must have occurred in some other manner. The manner of obtaining the writing on the slates might have been in either one of the following ways:

(1) When the medium placed the slates beneath the table the first time, he dropped the two slates containing the envelope (in which were my questions) onto his knees and passed me a dummy or duplicate pair to hold. That much I distinctly saw done. When I grasped the duplicate slates, the medium rested his end of the slates on his knees, and with his disengaged right hand (our unoccupied hands were clasped above the table), worked off the rubber band, opened the slates, read my questions, wrote the answers on the slates, replaced the envelope between the slates, and re-fastened them. The holding of the slates above the table was solely for the purpose of lifting the slates up and down twice, and so affording opportunity for substitution on two separate occasions. When the slates were placed beneath the table the second time, they were once more substituted for those upon which the messages had been written. The trick was now done, and I could remove the slates myself at any time.

(2) The second method would involve a confederate—probably his spirit-photographer. In such a case, a trap-door would be cut in the wall between the two rooms. Since the table was pushed up against the wall, it effectively concealed this trap, and it would be possible for the medium to pass the original set of slates into the hands of the person in the next room, that

Dr. T. A. Bland.

Transition Service by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

"In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." "And there shall be no more death."

One in India said: "This life is death into which you enter with struggle and pain. It is birth when Brahma calls you home."

One in Arabia said: "If this be birth, this thing of mortal clay, with pain and penalty, then give me death, for I am free then to soar away."

Beloved friends, we have come into this house of human life by the invitation of one who is greater than him whose body lies here.

Our friend and brother, Dr. T. A. Bland, inhabited this abode with his beloved companion a number of years. We have seen him here oftentimes, and have had communion with him here and elsewhere. We have sometimes met him in his joy and sometimes in sickness.

We knew him in his comparatively young years in life, and knowing this invitation was from a Greater and Higher, and more Perfect Source than mortal, we came into this human habitation feeling the great baptism of a wonderful and glad new life.

The name that human beings have given to this great baptism is Death; but we know, in the innermost secrets of nature, in the higher interpretation of existence, that this is but a transmutation of life. We know, that in no chemical laboratory, in no scientific investigation has there ever been found room anywhere for actual death. The substances change places, they are transmuted into other things, and that which vitalizes and governs life goes, the agnostic or materialist says "we know not whither." But the agnostic and materialist know that Nature never stultifies herself; that the great thing that vivifies, ennobles and reaches the best form of life while it is here cannot be destroyed, for nature does not destroy that which is here.

We make no argument, for to-day the world is full of the evidence of the life of the mind and spirit; and humanity and the world to-day is full of the evidence of the existence of the soul beyond the change called death. It is not only the evidence of the enthusiasts of the various forms of RELIGION the world over, but now SCIENCE has taken up the theme in the wonderful investigations of psychic research, in wonderful revelations of Modern Spiritualism. So in the light of all that has come to humanity, the next step, mis-called death, is simply the next step of life.

The agnostic knows that nature does not stultify herself: She does not give eyes where there is nothing to see; she does not give the sense of hearing where there is nothing to hear; she does not give the sense of touch where there is nothing to feel; she does not endow you with immortal longings and hopes where there is no immortality.

The functions of the human mind are governed by the requirements of that which is within (as the body is governed by the mind); we name it Spirit; the deeper essence we name the Soul. But whatever this is named, it is the intelligent acting force and principle. So we are summoned to this dwelling to-day to witness its apotheosis, not its destruction. If we were here to-day but to bemoan the departure of our friend, if we were to say life is full of trials and after a time, as the tree falls, so this life must go back to nature—but this is no physical decadence—there would be no word of comfort to offer you, dear friends, who knew this man. But when we speak of Dr. Bland, we do not speak of this form that he used and that was so valuable to him for the seventy-eight years of his life, we do not speak of this form that can perish and will be laid away, its elements returning to earth; we are speaking of that intelligence, of that life and that loving heart, of that friendship, of those qualities of mind and spirit that endeared him to all; we are speaking of the ability, and attributes, and powers invisible to the senses, that have wrought in his life the most wonderful results.

Dr. Bland has touched every movement of human progress for three-quarters of a century, and for the last half century he has been an active worker in these departments of thought and progress.

In his young life he chose the companion of his life. For more than half a century they have passed on together. The fruitage of that life is not the wealth that will perish, it is not lands and houses over which heirs will dispute, it is not of ships that will sink out of sight, nor railway interests that the corporations will run away with. But the fruitage of that life was that active purpose of LOVE FOR HUMANITY. Count the deeds and words in that direction; they form, oh! such an inheritance for one who can really appreciate it. To think of such a heritage; that no movement for human progress has existed in the whole of his active life that he has not sympathized with, no movement that he has not, in a measure, taken part in, and many that he was the prime mover in, and the active working force.

When we think of the books he has written, the articles he has published on various topics that have engaged his thought, and then say that this mind can perish! Why! that would be an insult to the Infinite Intelligence of the universe, who never makes an instrument greater than the one who makes it. That would be an insult to the laws of nature which never stultify themselves by causing the stream to rise above the fountain. So it is an insult to those primal principles of intelligence that know that which is primal never can cease to be primal in whatever state. The ultimate foundation of intelligence is intelligence whenever and wherever it is found. This active force, this sublime love for that which is true and spiritual in the human race pervaded his entire nature.

Of course, true reformers are Optimists; of course they are called Dreamers. But if it were not for optimists and dreamers we would never have had electrical railways, nor the lightning to be our errand boy; never would have had the steam horse to carry our burdens across the continent from ocean to ocean, never have opened up these wonderful forces of nature that are thrusting themselves now into the dull minds of human life. It was the dreamer Franklin who drew this lightning from the sky that is now your message boy and burden bearer. It is the dreamer Edison who dreams out things in the night that he elaborates in the day. "Where they come from," he says, "I do not know; they come to me in my sleep. So when Herschell saw the wonderful system that made the solar system perfect in its arithmetical order, he said: 'Over there should be a star in the exact order of the universe or solar system as I see it,' he was pronounced 'a dreamer.' But when the telescope was built that was strong enough, it revealed that wonderful planet. It was called justly by his name until other astronomers, jealous of Herschell, caused its name to be changed. Let us give credit to the 'dreamers,' they are the ones that

always anticipate that which is coming. Our friend here was a dreamer and worker in the great laboratory of human progress.

It was twenty-five or thirty years ago when your present speaker saw Dr. Bland in Washington. He saw the injustice that had been and was being done to the Indians, and when he thought there was some chance of General (then President) Grant changing the Indian policy of the government, he worked hard in that direction until commissions were appointed to investigate the treatment of the Indians, and it was found that the officers of the army really wanted to slay the helpless and innocent people, and the merchants of St. Louis wanted the Indian wars on their frontier because, they said, "It made business better." Dear friends: Is it true that a nation can afford to slay in their weakness, those who are dependent upon it?

When year after year and decade after decade new subjects and themes came before the people, he was among those to herald the people's rights, and to vindicate their right of conscience. He not only believed that people had the right to live according to the dictates of conscience, but also the right to dis according to the dictates of conscience. According to the mandates of modern medicine, you must employ a physician approved of by the schools, but he believed that people had the right to employ "Healers," "Mental cure," "Christian Science," "Magnetism," "Suggestive Therapeutics," or any of the recent avenues opened to give humanity health. He not only believed this, but much of his time and energy has been spent in the last ten or twenty years to change the various state laws that were contrary to the freedom of human judgment and human wishes in this matter. In this city and in the city of Washington every measure that tended to deprive the people of their rights in this direction he has assisted to defeat, or has tried to; and all of this he has stood for, and how wonderful now, as if it were a realization on this very day: That Bishop Fallows, the founder of, and one of the most popular bishops of the Reformed Protestant Episcopal church, is employing the "gift of healing." We wonder what the schools of Materia Medica will do with him? It is a great triumph for this silent form that lies here, for the arisen spirit, that this man, standing high in the church and social circles, shall have veered around, as a weather vane, in the direction that he had the courage to contend for more than twenty-five years ago. Let us be thankful that such lives are given to the world, and that he has joined the ranks of those who marched forward: Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and others who took the stand in advance for the rights of men and women to freedom against chattel slavery. Mr. Garrison mobbed in the streets of Boston; Mr. Phillips when emerging fresh with honors from the schools and could have had any position he might covet—he had the gift of eloquence and the most oratorical powers of any man in the country—but he chose to take the side of the reformer and of truth. Dr. Bland follows also in the same list.

When the abolition of slavery was accomplished by the government, someone said in the "Anti-Slavery Society," when it was about to be dissolved, "Well, God could not have abolished slavery without us." Wendell Phillips said, calmly, with splendid eloquence, "God could have abolished slavery without us, but we could not afford to be outside of that movement." Neither could the intelligent helpers that assisted. Dr. Bland said, "God can do his work, but if He shows me the way I must help it; I cannot set aside this that is for human progress. It is an opportunity to work for human freedom and enlightenment." He represents that which comes only to the individual through the enlightened mind and understanding that is pervaded by the spirit. He did not believe in the power of the intellect only; he knew that the soul of man is deeper in its grasp of primal truths. He knew that the entity still survives the body and mechanical brain, and knows more than it ever can express. So he worked on, permeated from within, and after the knowledge came to him, about the same time it came to some scientific men and philosophers throughout the country, that death is the next step of life.

About that time Dr. Thomas also received that knowledge from the fact that his own dearly beloved children came to him from spirit life. If he was in the city to-day he would pay tribute to our departed brother. But he is far away in Florida, but he knows that the spirit that has arisen is with the loved on earth. Let us bear in mind the events of the past fifty years which record these different steps of progress taken by science. It has become an established fact that the scientific mind has been summoned to these subjects. Only twenty years ago there could not have been admitted into any Chicago medical college, or by any jury, the subject of hypnotism. Now there is not only not a college in the city that has no instructions in psychological subjects, but the whole realm of thought has been opened to human study. Only this year the great luminous other house of the soul, that which is the larger habitation, "not made with hands," has come more and more to be conceded and a part of the acknowledgment of those who are outside of all theories, those who have passed through the reign of theology into the reign of true spiritual perception: So his mind and spirit, acting harmoniously in the great works of his life, made him believe in the freedom of all for their own worship, but he also claimed that liberty for himself, as did his companion. It is beautiful to know that they walked together, that side by side they climbed these heights, that side by side they battled for freedom of thought; it is beautiful to know that they were together as reformers and true workers in human progress in intellectual and spiritual ways so long.

The one great longing of his later years was, that some of you young men, some of you young students, or some of you who have had experience in four lives would take up the work that he so reluctantly laid down because he did not know who would bear it forward. We said to him when one time calling upon him, "You ought to be willing that some of these young men should have something to do; you cannot live to close the book of reform that your life has made." But he himself could not see how it would be pressed forward. Though we can well understand that it must be a matter of growth, but some human lives will take up the work which he has borne thus far, and before they are aware of it, it will be infused into the lives of strangers and of societies. These reforms come in this way, but not before some of the advocates are put to death for opinion's sake and their souls march on; afterward, a few years or centuries bring the people to their standpoint, then the truths they advocated are accepted. So it will be with this subject by and by; it will be known that there is no absolute system of therapeutics; by and by it will be known that whatever pertains to the mind and spirit of man must affect also the bodily conditions; by and by "hypnotic suggestion" and "psychological therapeutics" will be taught in the schools of medicine, as "psychology" is to some extent to-day. By and by these forces of the universe that are only waiting for the hand of man to employ will come forth as he dreamed they would. But this cannot come forth in a day or an hour; it must be by work, and it is just such lives as his that prepare the way and make the foundation for the others who will follow. We ourselves have stood with him in halls of legislatures where some

invidious legislation was pending with reference to the rights of the people, to employ the massaging, the hypnotist, the magnetic healer or people who believe in any system outside the pale of materia medica, and when the legislative bodies resolve themselves into a "committee of the whole" to listen to those arguments it proved them to be of sufficient interest. The time will come when legislation that goes backward, legislation that reverts to the past and restricts the rights of the people, will be impossible, for even now, in the midst of these great earthly powers that control human life, we are marching forward to the fulfillment of the knowledge that "there are more things in heaven and earth than is dreamed of" in the usual philosophies of life, because many other things are revealed with the change called death.

The struggles and privations of his life could not bend nor break the strong spirit that was within him, could not break the strong love that was between him and his companion, and could in no wise interfere with the onward march of those truths for which he stood; the liberty of conscience, the freedom of belief and action that does not interfere with the rights of others, and for that which shall be toward the progress of the human race here and hereafter.

To stop at the threshold of human life and say that man does not grow after he has passed from the physical body is, of course, to limit the boundaries of existence to this simple gauge of human life here. Dr. Thomas has said so many times: "We know that this earth-life is but one of the stages, one of the pausing places in the great pilgrimages of existence." We and others have often said: "Why! earth is one of the shadow places in the great golden light of the Soul, that pauses here for work, and in which to greet each other and meet each other, and recognize through the outward barriers the living soul that is within."

So he has come and he has filled the purpose of his life here. He has taken his stand, has given expression to his ideas, and has longed to give expression to more, and he has passed on. You could not say—you cannot say—that "he died." The body is dying every moment after the time it reaches maturity; the receding wave is upon it, but the mind goes on, and on, and on, in all its activities and powers. Humboldt learned a new language after he was eighty years of age, that he might investigate the Fauna and Flora of South America. The life that is greatest grows stronger with years. True intelligence is not baffled by these so-called imperfections of age. So he passed out from the physical body, when he saw in partial vision one come for him in a car that was to bear him to the other world, and when the sentinel said, "Oh, it is not to-day, but a little later I will come back for you," they said, "Tell him it is not a dream," "Tell him it is a great knowledge, that one waiteth for him, waiteth in immortal life to bear one into the next step of life."

When Milton saw "Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen both when we wake and when we sleep," it was not the dream of a blind poet; it was a rare, luminous vision, stronger because of the outward blindness, and more intent on those invisible things, and when Longfellow says:

"When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the rifted fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall,

Then the forms of the departed,
Enter at the open door,
The beloved ones, the dear hearted
Come to visit me once more."

Do these poets tell falsehoods? Are these dreamers of high and lofty themes falsifiers of the human race? Then scientific men tell falsehoods: Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, Frederick W. H. Myers, and others whose investigations and works prove the existence beyond this life. Do they tell falsehoods? Are they, with human ties, human affections, and human intelligence, doing this merely to gratify the idle romancing of the hour? These things prove that the immortal life is more and more manifesting itself.

Shall there be no anticipation for these two, this loving pair who have walked side by side as lovers? To the very, very last day they were together in the human form they saw and they stood together; they investigated together, and they received the knowledge of the future life together. If it is but justice to him to say that he did not BELIEVE in immortality, he simply knew of a future life, and he knew that knowledge opened up the pathway that led triumphantly unto that next step.

Baffled as people are in their seeking, and indifferent as they are when things come, still we know there is no house but what has an empty chair, no fireside but what some absent place is there; so each heart turns longingly toward that next step of life, to know what triumph is there, what love is there, what the next step or state of knowledge may be. We know it is not a state of idleness; we know if one is active here there is greater activity there; if one has knowledge here there is greater knowledge there, and greater opportunity for knowledge there; if one has enthusiasm for the progress of the human race here, there is greater opportunity for enthusiasm there.

The great lives who move on from physical life do not leave the household deserted; do not depart from the things that interested them here. Dr. Barrows, in opening the Parliament of Religions, during the Columbian Exposition, said: "The greater Congress of the skies is bending over us; Washington, Lincoln and the founders of this Republic, and the great and revered minds of

all nations are there." Was Dr. Barrows telling a falsehood? Ingersoll, the great agnostic, said in his last eloquent tribute to his departed brother: "We hope to meet again." It was not the hope of the agnostic, it was the hope of the immortal spirit within Robert Ingersoll; it was not a flight of the imagination, but that lofty hope that is enkindled from within, that comes despite the human intellect, despite the human mind that cavils.

Now we are here by the open gateway of immortal life, he bids us tell you he is here, though not in the mortal form but in full consciousness, and is rejoicing for this great change, that he is released now from the form. Do you know what it is to be set free from bodily suffering? It is like a caged bird set free to fly in its native air; like a prisoner who has been bound in a dungeon cell set free; like a miner in one of those terrible disasters who finds himself once again in the sunshine. But all that even is nothing compared to this one gratifying and glorious consciousness of being set free. Yet the ties of affection are just as strong, the friendship as true in spirit as it is in human life, and the love that bound him to you, to all his household, and to you, dear friends and neighbors. He says "how kind you have been," and to those who would gladly be here to-day if the limits of this dwelling would permit, to all he would pay his tribute of appreciation and thankfulness for all the help and strength you have given him.

To you, students, and to you, doctors, oh! remember his words to you, take up the theme of his life in the same way if you can, and make it your life theme. You must have some well defined work while you are here.

And remember what he has said to you friends and beloved ones of younger generations, these dear ones of the household, that were like his own children, how you have gathered around in his time of suffering, who have always been so attentive. Oh! boys and girls, he loved you well. Whatever there was in him true and strong and noble, remember and strive to emulate.

Let no one suppose that the DEAREST ONE, who sits here with her human heart and human tears—that are needful—walks alone. These two lives that have walked side by side for more than half a century are not divided by this change, but nearer, dear heart, by one body less, nearer by one tenement less are you than before. Greater in his power to aid and strengthen you, and nearer to you beloved will be, than ever before. For all of your kindness there will be loving ministrations in your hours of dependency or in your hours of triumph. For all your struggles, dear heart, and for that which you have done for him, there will be added strength and measure of light for you, and the great, glorious setting of his life's sun will be like the morning welcome when you come.

Have you seen the sun go down with argosies of splendor that light up the way, and flocks of clouds one by one from the north appear as attendants upon the setting sun? Have you seen like columns of light the rays unfold forming a crown of glory for the King of Day when its splendor sinks from the visible heavens? Thus has his outward life sunk; but on the other side is the morning, the glad, golden, resplendent morning.

If he could have said, "good night,"

"Good night, dear friends, rest peacefully;
May your dreams be beautiful and bright,
Until at last you come to me,
May you know the golden beauty there,
Waiting for you so bright and fair."

This day will sink, is sinking to rest,

And all the beauty of the day
Is garlanded in the sun's warm breast
When the day-light will fade away,
Then the stars will come out one by one,
Greater than an earthly sun.

"Good night," he would say to the body there,

"You have served me well all these long years.
You have served me for my purpose rare,
But now, without sighs or tears,
I let you sink out of my sight.
Body, you are not me—still, good night."

And then, dear friends, when the day is done,

And all the golden glory here
Of your life-work is fully done,
You pass, as he, to that other sphere.
You'll say to all your friends: "It is so bright
I am going there. Good night; good night!"

And over there the resplendent throng

Greeting you with their perfect song;
When there are all the dear ones above,
Thronging around with their thoughts of love.

Then when the light of the morning shines upon you—
All the hills with resplendence adorning—
How beautiful; and the first in view
Will be the loved; he will say: "Good Morning."

Unto our Heavenly Parent, Giver of Life, and of that higher life that men call death, we turn in praise. Beneath the baptism of human tears we still realize that great glory of Thy love; beneath the outward shadow we bend, conscious of the inward triumph of that Light. May this household not be desolate; may this one who sits here not feel alone; and may all these friends, as they go forth unto their daily tasks bear the knowledge that this life has not gone out, but has been added unto the greater kingdom of immortal friends; and may that light shed its brightness on their way, as it did on his. May his self-sacrifice be emulated by them, until at last the fruition of human hopes and human liberty shall come upon the earth and Thy work be done, and Thy will as it is in heaven. Bless all, and guide them and guard them, and may they turn to Thee forever. Amen.

SONG—THE DARKY'S WISHES.

I wish I was in heaven settin' down,
'Twould make no difference 'bout de crown,
If I could rest my bones, along wid
Brudder Jones.

Way up dar in heaven, settin' down,
I wish I was in heaven settin' down,
'Twould make no difference 'bout de street,
Whether Jasper or de gold, so de darkies don't grow old.

But could just set an' rest dere weary feet,
If I was only up dar settin' down,
I wouldn't be partin' 'bout de things,
For I's so 'ol an' weary, de angels would be sorry.

And would come and sing, and fan me wid dere wings,
Why can't I go to heaven and set down?
Little Rasmus he am done gone befo',
An' Dinah she am dar, wid de kinky in her hair.

Way up dar in heaven, wid ol' black Joe,
Sometimes I hear dere voices in de breeze.

In de eb'nin' when I res' an' takes my ease,
Dar come visions to my sight dat makes de ol' heart light—
In de eb'nin' when de moonlight's in de trees.

I seem to feel an' hear dere whistles, pr'n' breath,
Softly breathin' ob de joys dat am gone by;
So de tell me nebbin' min', up in heaven dar I'll find
Dat de joys we've tasted here will nebbin' die.

So no matter if my heart am ol' an' sore,
An' de hongry wolf am howlin' at my do',
I can see de heavenly light comin' nearer to my sight,
Den I nebbin' mo' I'll be tired, ol' an' po'.

So I'll try to be mo' patient, an' to wait
Till de time comes to pass de pearly gate,
Den dar's Rasmus, an' ol' Chloe, lubly dinah an' ol' Joe,
Wid a han'-clasp an' a welcome for ol' Mote.

MRS. ALICE D. GREEN,
Hamilton, Ill.

Temporary Return to Life.

A dispatch from Paris (March 17) states that great interest has been excited in that city by the temporary return to life of a young girl who was apparently dead. The physicians made experiments to restore her to consciousness. They immersed the body in warm water and administered rhythmic electric shocks. One of them made hypnotic passes over her, and after three hours of experimentation the girl opened her eyes, and in answer to questions began to describe her sensations.

She said when she fell asleep there was a period of complete prostration and a growing sensation of cold. Then her thought left her body altogether. "I could see myself lying there while I heard the sound of distant music," the girl explained, "and soon the tie uniting me and my body was broken. Then I saw great monsters [the doctors] fighting for my body." Here her statement ceased; she became hysterical, and to quiet her the doctors gave her morphine and she died from an overdose.

"The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena." By Rev. I. K. Funk. Price \$2.00.

DEAFNESS

Successfully Treated By the Simplest Methods Yet Discovered.

Ninety-five percent of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits stopping the action of the vibratory bones.



Until these deposits are removed, relief is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or syringing, hence the inability of specialists to do anything to relieve the sufferer. Actina is a powerful cure. But there is a scientific treatment for deafness and catarrh which is demonstrated by the use of Actina. The vapor of the Eustachian tubes passes through the ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosening the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibrations of sound. Actina is also very successful in relieving the sufferer of the head. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be entirely relieved by a few weeks' use. Actina has always been very successful in the treatment of hay fever, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial, non-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be given as well as a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Deafness. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 3422A, 311 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

ADD MEETINGS

Some Good Books.

BOOKS BY LILIAN WHITING.

"The World Beautiful." First Series. Comprising The World Beautiful; Friendship; Our Social Salvation; Lotus-Eating; That Which is to Come.

"The World Beautiful." Second Series. Comprising The World Beautiful; Our Best Society; To Clasp Eternal Beauty; Vibration; The Unseen World.

"The World Beautiful." Third Series. Comprising The World Beautiful; The Rose of Dawn; The Encircling Spirit World; The Ring of Amethyst; Paradise Lost.

"After Her Death, a Story of a Summer." This book contains a portrait of Kate Field and a sketch of how she made herself known in Europe after her death in Honolulu.

"The Spiritual Significance." Contains the following interesting chapters: The Spiritual Significance; Vision and Achievement; Between the Seen and the Unseen; Psychic Communication; The Gates of New Life; "From Dreams to Vision of Life."

As the title implies, it carries one from the mortal to the immortal life; Full of spiritual thought.

"The Outlook Beautiful." Contents: The Delusion of Death; Realizing the Ideal; Friends as a Divine Revelation; The Eternal World; The Supreme Purpose of Jesus; An Inward Stillness; The Miracle Moment May Dawn on any Hour.

"The Life Radiant." The motto of this book is "Follow It, Follow It, Follow the Gleam." Contents: The Golden Age Lies Onward; Discerning the Future; The Ethereal Realm; The Power of the Exalted Moment; The Nectar of the Hour.

"From Dreamland Sent." Verses of the Life to Come. This is Miss Whiting's only book of poems; each one is filled with poetic thought.

All of these books are in uniform binding, and are especially appropriate for gift books. Price \$1.00 each.

DAINTY GIFT BOOKS.

"The Religion of Cheerfulness." By Sara A. Hubbard. An excellent book for the culture of heart and spirituality. None can read it without pleasure and profit. Price 50c.

"The Majesty of Calmness." By William G. Jordan. Price 30c.

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By William G. Jordan. Price 30c.

"Every Living Creature." "The Greatest Thing Ever Known;" "Character Building;" "The Path of Righteousness." Price 35c each.

"Fate Mastered, Destiny Fulfilled." By W. J. Colville. Price 30c.

BOOKS FOR THE WORKERS.

"Farm Engines, and How to Run Them." The Tractor Engine: The Science of Successful Threshing. By James H. Stevenson. Price \$1.50.

"Dynamo Tending, for Engineers or Electricians." By Henry C. Hornsman and Victor H. Tinsley. Price \$1.50.

"Modern Carpentry and Joinery." By Fred T. Hodgson. Price \$1.00.

"Practical Estimators and Calculators." One Hundred and Twenty Five Designs. By Fred T. Hodgson. Price \$1.00.

"Practical Carpentry or the Builder's Standard Library." Four books in a box including "Practical Uses of the Steel Square." Vols. 1 & 2, \$1.00 each.

"Common Sense Hand-Railing and Stair-Building." Price \$1.00.

"Modern Carpentry." Price \$1.00.

"These valuable books are by Fred T. Hodgson. Price \$1.00 each, or four for \$3.50.

These and many other good books can be found in our Catalogue.

"Spiritualism and the Law." A Series of Papers read before the Legal Academy by the Hon. Charles E. Schorr of Baltimore, Md. This pamphlet is one that every Spiritualist should read. It is a subject that people are not familiar with. Price, 25 cents.

"Materialization." By Mmes. E. d. Emperance and H. B. Austin. Excellent. Price 10c.

"Immortality, its Naturalness, its Possibilities and Proofs." By J. M. Peebles, M. A., M. D., Ph. D., Contains the address read before the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, with Introduction and Explanatory Letter. Price, 15 cents.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work, and General Progress, the World Over.

THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, AS WE HAVE NOT SPACE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

KEEP COPIES OF YOUR POEMS sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

The Song Cards for sale at this office at \$4 per hundred, by mail, \$4.50, are the help you need in society work.

The General Survey is intended merely to simply announce the engagements, movements and work of speakers and mediums, and not to report what they have to say.

Henry E. Howes is now serving the Spiritualistic Society at Tacoma, Wash. Mr. Howes for a time was president of the Fullam Society of Spiritualists, London, England. He comes to this country with the highest intelligence and to lecture wherever desired. Address him in care of general delivery, Tacoma, Wash.

R. A. Bell writes from Helena, Montana, that a good lecturer and medium is wanted there to organize a society. Any one who can fill the demand should stop there for a time, and do the work desired.

We regret to learn that four venerable friends, Dr. N. F. Ravlin, who now resides at 1014 Bristol street, West Berkeley, Cal., is suffering from an affliction of the eyes. Otherwise his health is good, and he was never in closer touch with the higher intelligences than now, and can deliver a lecture that will interest any audience.

Rev. Adeline Cooper writes: "The Lone Star Spiritual Society of Syracuse, N. Y., is realizing that the seed that has been sown is springing up, and is bearing fruit. It has opened an account with the bank, as it has been able to make a deposit. We are having a good attendance. We are preparing for anniversary exercises, Mar. 29; have also started a Lyceum."

Annie E. Rack, of South Euclid, Ohio, details the following remarkable incident: "My sister, who lives in Arden, Wash., until last week, was engaged in picking up things preparatory to moving. She sat down by the stove facing the window. She was looking out when she saw a large light, larger than the light of a lamp, coming; it passed right by the window, and was soon followed by another still larger and brighter than the first. She was startled, and she arose and went out; then her adopted daughter saw it. She was afraid it was a warning of some disaster, as she was about starting on a long journey."

Mrs. Nina Dell Challen, of Toledo, Ohio, writes that she is lecturing and giving demonstrations at her home where all are made welcome. On the evening of Sunday, Mar. 29, anniversary services were held.

H. D. Morgan writes from Washington, D. C.: "The services of the Spiritual Science Society, on Sunday evening, March 22, were attended by a large and greatly interested audience, of which young people were a large part. Dr. Morgan's lecture was a discourse on the past, present and future of Spiritualism, as an anniversary reminder of the 60th birthday of Modern Spiritualism. The doctor having come up in the Cause from its inception, knew what he was saying in behalf of Spiritualism, and gave the new converts something to digest, more than the ordinary. Mrs. Nelson was the message bearer, and succeeded in interesting the audience in that capacity. Look for an announcement of a Mass-Meeting at this place in the near future."

W. J. Colville's farewell lectures in San Diego were attended by an audience which completely filled the spacious Spiritualists' Temple. This active worker has now returned to Parrott Hall, 2309 Santa Clara ave., Alameda, Cal., and is lecturing regularly in San Francisco and Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. Maggie Henry writes: "At the Universal Occult Society in the afternoon, we have conference meeting; at 3 o'clock; usually have a very interesting time. In the evening we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Mrs. Daniels, one of the old-time lecturers. We were especially favored with music by having two fine singers, and both favored us with a selection, followed by spirit messages from Madam Lucile De Loux, Mr. Hamsbire and your correspondent. All were recognized. On the 5th of April we expect the pleasure of hearing Dr. G. B. Warne on our platform."

Rev. Alice Baker, writes from Muskogee, Okla.: "I am now serving the Church of Spiritual Harmony in this city. I am engaged to remain with the good people here, Jan. 1st. This organization is only two months old, but is doing efficient work. A Lady's Aid has been organized, and is doing splendid work. Any place, not too great a distance, wanting my services as lecturer and message medium through the week, I will be glad to hear from. I will answer calls to help as best I can. Address all communications to me at the Cardinal Hotel, 218 1/2 W. Okmulgee Ave., Muskogee, Okla."

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF OREGON

The State Board of Spiritualists earnestly desire to come into communication with every Spiritualist throughout the state of Oregon. Will all those who read this please write to the state secretary, Mrs. W. J. Youmans, 445 Columbia street, Portland, Ore. 953-3t

ladies: Mrs. Lichtig, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Knapp and Mrs. Hill. It seems the F. O. S. are to start an incentive which is worthy of others to follow. We all fully appreciate the kindness of Messrs. St. John and Bitter for the impersonation stunts they did for us. The ladies are already planning to outdo the men on April 29. Don't forget the date, and No. 406 Oak avenue. I omitted by mistake that one of the gentlemen made a hand-painted pillow for the F. O. S., and donated it to the Fraternal Daughters."

Secretary writes from Milwaukee, Wis.: "The Spiritualists of Wisconsin will please remember the date of the Eighth Annual Convention of the State Association, APRIL 21, 22, 23, 1908, in Elks Hall, Portage, Wis. Good music, speakers and mediums both local and outside, will be present. The Planter's Hotel will be the headquarters. Thomas Grimshaw of St. Louis, will be the main speaker, and all may know that means the profoundness of logic and the phenomena, in his strange method of work. Mrs. Paul Buehler from Minneapolis, Minn., will be one of the message bearers, assisted by home talent at each meeting. Every Spiritualist of the State should have interest enough in the cause to come and lend their presence or financial aid. If Spiritualism is to succeed the ranks must be filled with harmonious workers, and the State Association put upon a solid financial basis. Let this be a great event in the history of Wisconsin Spiritualism. Let your efforts be free and of the right metal and all will be well with the Cause, and in the end you will be proud of Spiritualism and your associations with it."

Correspondent writes: "Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bloom assisted Mrs. Hill with their anniversary services on Sunday, March 22, and were greeted with a goodly audience—more than the average, and everyone in the upper vibration of inspiration. The Progressive Spiritualist Society is on the up-grade, and the house should be packed every Sunday evening, the feast of reason and flow of soul is so good."

Mrs. McKinley Creighton writes from Philadelphia, Pa.: "We all heartily appreciate our esteemed friend, The Progressive Thinker, which is a most welcome guest each week. I see you are doing excellent work in Chicago. It has been several years since we left your city. I am always pleased to send in all the subscribers I can."

Oscar A. Ederly writes from Washington, D. C.: "On Sunday, March 29, I shall have concluded a very pleasant and successful engagement in Washington, D. C. In this city an intuitive person can feel the positive influence of the hush and activity incident to the conditions peculiar to the National Capital. I can truly say, after two months' work with the First Association of Spiritualists of this city, that, as a body of people, they are thoroughly in touch with all the activities that characterize this heart of the Nation. By their devotion to the cause, they honor Spiritualism, and make its power felt at this most important point in the country. The officers of the Association surely do understand the necessary conditions needed by mediumistic workers, and they have supplied all that was essential to make my engagement a success. No more faithful supporters of our cause can be found in the United States than Mr. F. A. Wood, President; Mrs. H. D. Morgan, Secretary, and Mrs. M. T. Longley of the F. A. of S. During my stay in Washington I have had the pleasure of meeting and fraternizing with Mr. George W. Kates (Secretary of the N. S. A.) and his good wife. On my visits to the N. S. A. headquarters I have felt strongly impressed by Mr. Kates' devotion to the cause. He is the right man in the right place. On Sunday, April 5, I shall begin a two months' engagement at Ayer's Temple, Boston, Mass."

W. F. Schunacher writes: "The Spiritualistic Society of the Students of Nature had a large audience at its Sunday evening service, at Van Buren Opera House. Brother J. Core and Sister Handrick assisted the pastor. Our Society has not disbanded, as some one has circulated, but is still in existence, meeting, March 25, installed officers for the season."

B. B. Hayden writes from Amarillo, Tex.: "We have a club here of between 12,000 and 14,000 with increasing growth, and we have never had any one to come here and instruct our people along the lines of Spiritualism. We have an intelligent, liberal and progressive citizenship, who would be glad to make investigations along these lines; therefore, if you could send us a reliable medium, I am more than confident it could be made to his or her financial interest, besides the pleasure arising from working in a field that 'is ripe unto harvest'."

Those wishing the services of J. M. Temple as test medium can address him at Berkeley, Maryland.

Wm. Patrick writes from Seabright, Cal.: "Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake has been holding meetings both private and public, and officiating in our Spiritual Church, and giving many wonderful tests to both skeptic and Spiritualist. She has held several public seances in my home and no doubt you remember her familiar spirit, Clarence, who sings in her dark seances very beautifully, and almost beyond our comprehension."

Secretary writes from San Bernardino, Cal.: "Rev. J. L. Dryden of San Diego has been filling the rostrum of the San Bernardino Association of Spiritualists during the month of March. We hope to have him return to us during the latter part of April. Mrs. Thibault resigned the pastorate of this society sometime ago, on account of illness. San Bernardino is fortunate at the present time in having the 'Stevensons,' Mr. W. R. Tabor, Mrs. Eva Smith and Mrs. Furse; all mediums of proven ability, working for the cause of Spiritualism with their brothers. All are members of our local society. The following officers were elected at the recent election held by the members of the San Bernardino Association of Spiritualists: President, Mr. L. W. Grant; vice-president, Mrs. Mary Wilcox; secretary, Edward Bates; treasurer, Mr. B. A. Wilcox; trustees, Mr. D. Simpson, Mr. Jas. Boyd and Mrs. Eva Smith."

Chas. A. Thompson writes: "The Fraternal Daughters held their regular Wednesday meeting and I am pleased to state they are growing in attendance every week. The evening session was presided over by Dr. A. Caldwell. We had a short talk from Brothers Warner and Harvey, and messages by Brothers Tappel and Schmidt; then came the get-together social, given by the men, and the crowd was far beyond our expectation; in fact the hall was inadequate to hold them. At the opening of the refreshments, each one received a card, on which was the names of some things that always brings joy into our lives. Then came the toasts, which were responded to by the following:

J. W. Ring writes: "I had a most delightful and successful stay in San Diego, and a rousing meeting was held under the auspices of the Society. Send postal away for free description, reviews, etc., to Original Research Society, 4241 Stearns hall, Chicago."

The subject of the discourse given by the guides of Mrs. Richmond on Sunday, April 6, at 11 o'clock, will be "Preparation for the Resurrection."

Virginia Barrett writes from Toronto, Ontario: "On Mar. 22 we held an anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Donington hall, which was well attended. On this occasion the writer unveiled the first Spiritual Banner. It is made of white satin, upon which is printed a center figure pointing heavenward."

Mrs. J. R. Malette writes from San Diego, Cal.: "On Saturday, Mar. 14, about thirty of the Busy Bees and their friends began to swarm, and lighted at the new home of Mrs. and Mrs. Seloren, at the corner of Vermont and Essex street, University Heights, where refreshments were served to those hungry bees, and with music and speeches, a most delightful evening was spent. Each guest upon leaving wished many years of happiness and prosperity for their genial host and hostess."

Rev. Milton Baker in a lecture Sunday night before the local organization of Spiritualists, explained the Spiritualistic belief regarding Jesus in the following language: "We recognize Jesus as the world's greatest spiritual and moral teacher. He shared some of the superstitions of his time, but what great man does not? He is our saviour, only in so far as his teachings save us from the pitfalls or the purities of his life inspire us to greater unselfishness and a more exalted life. Nature ever seeks perfection, and she has given us a Michael Angelo in sculpture, a Wagner in music, a Shakespeare in the drama, an Ingelsoff in oratory, an Edgar Allan Poe in poetry, and a Jesus in the spiritual world. Each of these persons stands paramount, a 'beacon light in history.' In his line of thought, Jesus, while the greatest spiritual leader, was no greater than Michael Angelo in his line of work. There is no more reason for believing that Jesus thought immaculately conceived than there is for believing that Poe or Shakespeare were."—Republican, Lawton, Okla.

Mary B. Hill writes: "We enjoyed two very interesting sessions of the Band of Harmony in listening to the experiences given by each in earning the dollars which were given, beside the enjoyment and blessing in, not to mention the gift of the value of the gift, but in the giving. In a re-elected secretary, although at first she feared to undertake the arduous work which has been so well done for several years, she was persuaded to try and we believe she will have strength to serve. Mrs. Mary MacGarvey, our hard-working treasurer, said she must positively decline, and was reluctantly given to Mrs. A. M. Spencer and Mrs. Whitaker were re-elected as vice-presidents, and Mrs. Alger, of Lily Dale, was added to the list. Mrs. Whitaker was also made treasurer. The ladies turned into the camp treasury the sum of \$688.15."

Last Saturday morning was the election of camp officers. Dr. Hillgoss was again elected president. E. W. Bond, vice-president; H. S. Twine, secretary-treasurer. The trustees are the same as before, excepting the election of Mrs. A. M. Spencer in the place of Mrs. MacGarvey. They are A. A. Butler, Joseph Slater, Dr. Babcock and Mrs. Spencer. The secretary's report showed the camp entirely out of debt, with a small surplus in the treasury.

In the afternoon Mrs. Ellwanger, of Hawks Park, Fla.; formerly of St. Louis, Mo., again gave her clam and oyster feast to the campers. A barrel of clams, also one of oysters, were shipped from her home and prepared at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Baker. The clam chowder was delicious, and the raw oysters with crackers, vinegar, etc., were very appetizing and thoroughly enjoyed by the large number present.

President Hillgoss had his large Victor there, and music and song added to the pleasure of the occasion. A hearty vote of thanks was given Mrs. Ellwanger.

At 4 p. m. the crowd went just outside the gates to the fine new home of W. W. Kelsey and wife, now of Rochester, N. Y. (Mrs. Clark Kelsey being the message bearer at Dr. Austin's fine church). The occasion was the dedication of their new home, which bears the name of "The Oriole." Many bright speeches were made. Among those who spoke were: C. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Thronsen, Mr. Hubbard, Mrs. Greenameyer, Mrs. Frier, Mrs. Twine, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Hillgoss, Mr. Budington and Dr. Wyman. Mr. Budington and Mr. Norman were prepared to take pictures of the house and the people from different viewpoints, and turned out about six hundred, only to eat our supper and start to the Slater home to surprise them. Mr. Wright gave a fine talk and after singing by those present, Mr. Earle Slater responded to a request to sing "Asleep in the Deep," which he did to the delight of all.

Before we had begun to think of going, the bell rang and we went over to the auditorium to listen to a wonderful "new light" who has come among us in the person of Mrs. Grace M. Brown, president of the National Essence Society, whose headquarters are at Denver, Col. Mrs. Brown is a guest of Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, and won many hearts by her "sun-shine" gospel the first evening. The Essence Society is really a revival of ancient Spiritualism. It is brought out with modern demonstration in lines of healing and success manifestations. She will give talks every afternoon until Monday, when she goes to fill an engagement in Jacksonville. The following are some of the thoughts put before the public:

"We have no creed, but creed of loving helpfulness. We have no law, save law of broadest charity. We have no work that does not serve the race. We have no 'joy save joyous consciousness of God.'"

In the next letter will give an account of the last day's work of the gathering of 1908.

The audience was shocked after the Sunday evening service to learn that the "Angel of Release" had died. Among those who spoke were: C. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Thronsen, Mr. Hubbard, Mrs. Greenameyer, Mrs. Frier, Mrs. Twine, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Hillgoss, Mr. Budington and Dr. Wyman. Mr. Budington and Mr. Norman were prepared to take pictures of the house and the people from different viewpoints, and turned out about six hundred, only to eat our supper and start to the Slater home to surprise them. Mr. Wright gave a fine talk and after singing by those present, Mr. Earle Slater responded to a request to sing "Asleep in the Deep," which he did to the delight of all.

Before we had begun to think of going, the bell rang and we went over to the auditorium to listen to a wonderful "new light" who has come among us in the person of Mrs. Grace M. Brown, president of the National Essence Society, whose headquarters are at Denver, Col. Mrs. Brown is a guest of Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, and won many hearts by her "sun-shine" gospel the first evening. The Essence Society is really a revival of ancient Spiritualism. It is brought out with modern demonstration in lines of healing and success manifestations. She will give talks every afternoon until Monday, when she goes to fill an engagement in Jacksonville. The following are some of the thoughts put before the public:

"We have no creed, but creed of loving helpfulness. We have no law, save law of broadest charity. We have no work that does not serve the race. We have no 'joy save joyous consciousness of God.'"

In the next letter will give an account of the last day's work of the gathering of 1908.

The audience was shocked after the Sunday evening service to learn that the "Angel of Release" had died. Among those who spoke were: C. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Thronsen, Mr. Hubbard, Mrs. Greenameyer, Mrs. Frier, Mrs. Twine, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Hillgoss, Mr. Budington and Dr. Wyman. Mr. Budington and Mr. Norman were prepared to take pictures of the house and the people from different viewpoints, and turned out about six hundred, only to eat our supper and start to the Slater home to surprise them. Mr. Wright gave a fine talk and after singing by those present, Mr. Earle Slater responded to a request to sing "Asleep in the Deep," which he did to the delight of all.

LAKE HELEN, FLA.

Notes From the Southern Cassadaga Camp.

The past week was a very strenuous one. The last held and very interesting, Tuesday's lecture by Mrs. Morrell and also the messages were up to the usual excellent standard. The Wednesday afternoon seance was given by Mrs. C. P. Pratt, who is one of the best psychometric rectifiers upon the platform, and pleased her audience very much. On Thursday Mr. Wright was the speaker, and Mrs. Thronsen the medium.

The Wednesday evening concert under the management of E. Earle Slater, of Columbus, Ohio, was a great success in all ways. Mr. Slater desired to assist in the work of putting in better lights, and wished the friends also to be able to be assisted not only by a large number from the camp, but Lake Helen and Deland people also assisted.

Mr. Slater is a member of the Columbus, Ohio, Glee Club, and is known as one of the finest bass singers in that city.

Thursday evening the Ladies' Auxiliary gave a supper at which 112 people sat down to the first tables. The psychic, Mrs. Bartholomew, Mrs. Critchley, Mrs. Greenameyer, Mrs. Thronsen, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Witters, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Hardenberg, gave readings, and Mrs. A. J. Underhill told fortunes from cards. An auction sale of bazaar goods added to the interest, and a dance cheered the young people present.

Warren Hoyt of Bridgeport, Conn., and Mrs. Ballard of Ludlow, Vt., have not only given us good music, but have been most obliging in giving their services whenever they could assist in the pleasure of an evening. Mrs. Ballard has been at the piano when she was not physically able to do so, and Mr. Ballard in every way assisted us. We have found he is a very competent undertaker; he conducted the funeral of Mrs. Thatcher in a very creditable manner.

Friday afternoon the Ladies' Auxiliary had their election of officers. Your scribe was elected president for the tenth time. Mrs. M. E. Clark, of Elmira, N. Y., was re-elected secretary, although at first she feared to undertake the arduous work which has been so well done for several years, she was persuaded to try and we believe she will have strength to serve. Mrs. Mary MacGarvey, our hard-working treasurer, said she must positively decline, and was reluctantly given to Mrs. A. M. Spencer and Mrs. Whitaker were re-elected as vice-presidents, and Mrs. Alger, of Lily Dale, was added to the list. Mrs. Whitaker was also made treasurer. The ladies turned into the camp treasury the sum of \$688.15."

Last Saturday morning was the election of camp officers. Dr. Hillgoss was again elected president. E. W. Bond, vice-president; H. S. Twine, secretary-treasurer. The trustees are the same as before, excepting the election of Mrs. A. M. Spencer in the place of Mrs. MacGarvey. They are A. A. Butler, Joseph Slater, Dr. Babcock and Mrs. Spencer. The secretary's report showed the camp entirely out of debt, with a small surplus in the treasury.

In the afternoon Mrs. Ellwanger, of Hawks Park, Fla.; formerly of St. Louis, Mo., again gave her clam and oyster feast to the campers. A barrel of clams, also one of oysters, were shipped from her home and prepared at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Baker. The clam chowder was delicious, and the raw oysters with crackers, vinegar, etc., were very appetizing and thoroughly enjoyed by the large number present.

President Hillgoss had his large Victor there, and music and song added to the pleasure of the occasion. A hearty vote of thanks was given Mrs. Ellwanger.

At 4 p. m. the crowd went just outside the gates to the fine new home of W. W. Kelsey and wife, now of Rochester, N. Y. (Mrs. Clark Kelsey being the message bearer at Dr. Austin's fine church). The occasion was the dedication of their new home, which bears the name of "The Oriole." Many bright speeches were made. Among those who spoke were: C. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Thronsen, Mr. Hubbard, Mrs. Greenameyer, Mrs. Frier, Mrs. Twine, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Hillgoss, Mr. Budington and Dr. Wyman. Mr. Budington and Mr. Norman were prepared to take pictures of the house and the people from different viewpoints, and turned out about six hundred, only to eat our supper and start to the Slater home to surprise them. Mr. Wright gave a fine talk and after singing by those present, Mr. Earle Slater responded to a request to sing "Asleep in the Deep," which he did to the delight of all.

Before we had begun to think of going, the bell rang and we went over to the auditorium to listen to a wonderful "new light" who has come among us in the person of Mrs. Grace M. Brown, president of the National Essence Society, whose headquarters are at Denver, Col. Mrs. Brown is a guest of Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, and won many hearts by her "sun-shine" gospel the first evening. The Essence Society is really a revival of ancient Spiritualism. It is brought out with modern demonstration in lines of healing and success manifestations. She will give talks every afternoon until Monday, when she goes to fill an engagement in Jacksonville. The following are some of the thoughts put before the public:

"We have no creed, but creed of loving helpfulness. We have no law, save law of broadest charity. We have no work that does not serve the race. We have no 'joy save joyous consciousness of God.'"

In the next letter will give an account of the last day's work of the gathering of 1908.

The audience was shocked after the Sunday evening service to learn that the "Angel of Release" had died. Among those who spoke were: C. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Thronsen, Mr. Hubbard, Mrs. Greenameyer, Mrs. Frier, Mrs. Twine, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Hillgoss, Mr. Budington and Dr. Wyman. Mr. Budington and Mr. Norman were prepared to take pictures of the house and the people from different viewpoints, and turned out about six hundred, only to eat our supper and start to the Slater home to surprise them. Mr. Wright gave a fine talk and after singing by those present, Mr. Earle Slater responded to a request to sing "Asleep in the Deep," which he did to the delight of all.

Before we had begun to think of going, the bell rang and we went over to the auditorium to listen to a wonderful "new light" who has come among us in the person of Mrs. Grace M. Brown, president of the National Essence Society, whose headquarters are at Denver, Col. Mrs. Brown is a guest of Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, and won many hearts by her "sun-shine" gospel the first evening. The Essence Society is really a revival of ancient Spiritualism. It is brought out with modern demonstration in lines of healing and success manifestations. She will give talks every afternoon until Monday, when she goes to fill an engagement in Jacksonville. The following are some of the thoughts put before the public:

How Syracuse Woman Took Her Wrinkles Out In Three Nights

After Facial Massage and Beauty Specialist Had Failed

"Made Me Look 20 Years Younger"

Says Cincinnati Lady Who Tried It. "Now Past 40, but My Complexion Is Smoother and Better Than In Girlhood." Writes a Kentucky Woman, Who Used This Wonderful Process for Removing Wrinkles.

The Discoverer Offers to Give Particulars Free of Charge to All Who Write Her within Next 10 Days—Exacts Promise of Secrecy—Treatment Very Simple and Absolutely Harmless—May Be Used Without the Knowledge of Your Most Intimate Friends.

Ever since woman's beauty held sway over man and brought her power, influence and wealth, she has sought a way to stay the processes of old age and banish deep lines and wrinkles from the brow.

Chemists, beauty doctors and skin specialists have for centuries past vainly tried to fathom the secret secrets of nature, and find a way to keep the beauty of youth in a woman's face and form.

Harriet Meta was no exception to the general rule of women. Trouble and worry left their unsightly lines and marks upon her face. "She said the beauty of youth giving away to the heavy imprints of coming age. Her first resort was to the facial massage, cold cream and steaming treatments next to beauty specialists; but all in vain. The wrinkles seemed, if anything, to grow deeper and deeper. Facial massage even appeared to stretch the skin; more wrinkles came. She had spent all the money she could afford to spend, and was ready to give up in despair, when one day a friend made a happy suggestion.

"This gave her a brilliant idea. She set to work on the thing herself, and after several months' hard labor and almost endless experimenting she succeeded in producing a wrinkle remover, entirely different from anything she had seen or heard of. She tried it on herself, and lo and behold! it worked a wonderful transformation in a single night. She tried it a second night and her wrinkles were practically gone. A third night—three treatments in all—and her wrinkles had entirely disappeared and her skin was soft, clear, rosy, smooth.

Mrs. J. E. Black of Yonkers, N. Y., writes: "When I look into the glass I scarcely know myself, so great is the improvement. My wrinkles have entirely gone." Miss Gladys Desmond, the actress of Pittsburgh, Pa., says: "Your treatment made my wrinkles disappear in one night. It is certainly a Godsend to womankind. I tried cold creams, skin foods and various advertised wrinkle removers, but they all failed absolutely and I confess I was

very skeptical about your treatment, but in one night my skepticism had entirely vanished. When I looked at my face on the following morning and saw what a wonderful transformation had taken place I was sure at last I had found the right thing."

In speaking of her discovery, Miss Meta says: "Yes, I know it sounds too good to be true, but really I do not think removing wrinkles is half so wonderful as the telephone. Before the telephone was invented it appeared ridiculous to talk of talking from New York to Chicago.

"Those who have used cold creams, etc., cannot understand how my treatment can act quickly. Yet, after all, it is very simple, and I wonder that some one did not discover the process long ago. My letters from patients tell the whole story. Here is one from a lady who says: 'my treatment made her look twenty years younger; also letters from many others. I do not see how anyone can doubt in the face of such testimony as this. I tried cold creams, facial massage, etc., myself, without results, and I can thoroughly sympathize with them who have tried to get rid of wrinkles, and I am truly glad that I feel I can now offer womankind a surer and shorter way."

"I will give further particulars to all those who write me within the next ten days. I must exact a promise of secrecy from every one for my own protection before I give full information—you can use my treatment on yourself, or in your own family, but you must not tell what it is to outsiders."

Address Harriet Meta, Suite 2908, Syracuse, N. Y. I will send everything in plain sealed envelope, so that our correspondence will be strictly private."

Joseph Marchant, of San Bernardino, Cal., was promoted to the spiritual sphere Mar. 21. For many years he had been a member of the San Bernardino Association of Spiritualists, acting at one time as president, and several times as secretary. For twenty-five years he had been a resident of this city, was past commander of the local G. A. R. post, and served as justice of the peace for one term. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. L. Dryden, former secretary of the C. S. S. A. E. B.

Passed to the higher life, at the home of her daughter in Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Emily Blake, aged 81. Mrs. Blake has been a sufferer for quite a long time, and the change came as a pleasant release. She was for over 40 years an ardent Spiritualist, and looked forward to the change with joyful anticipation. Services conducted by Will J. Erwood.

Passed to the higher life at the home of her daughter in Vicksburg, Mich., Mrs. Sarah Hughes, a pioneer Spiritualist of that section. Mrs. Hughes has always been an active worker in reform movements. She suffered much in the latter part of her life, and looked forward to the change called death as a diploma which would grant her freedom from physical ills. Services conducted by Will J. Erwood.

Passed to the higher life Mar. 12, 1908, Mrs. Lizzie Millisack, aged 71 years, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Addie M. Cockerill, in Ottumwa, Iowa. She was a true Spiritualist, and a noble woman, beloved by all who knew her. She will be remembered by many of the campers at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. The transition service was held Mar. 14, conducted by Dr. Julian P. Johnson, of Iowa City, Iowa.

A. D. Newman passed to spirit life from Worcester, Mass., Jan. 25, 1908, aged 92 years. He had an unflinching faith in Spiritualism. His funeral service was held from his late home; his interment in Sterling, Mass. J. L. N.

FATE MASTERED. And Destiny Fulfilled. By W. J. Colville. A dainty book of 52 pages, bound in the typical white cover with cat-tail decoration. Contents: Fate Mastered. Interior Force. Its Practical Evolution. Thought as a Shield. The Human Aura. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

What All the World's Seeking. RALPH WALDO TRICE. Each is building a new world; thought is the builder; for thoughts are forces—subtle, vital, irresistible, omnipotent—and according to need they bring lower or higher, peace or pain, success or failure. From this page. The above book is beautifully bound in gray-green cloth, stamped in deep red and gold, with 500 pp. Price, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

Passed to the higher life, at the home of her daughter in Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Emily Blake, aged 81. Mrs. Blake has been a sufferer for quite a long time, and the change came as a pleasant release. She was for over 40 years an ardent Spiritualist, and looked forward to the change with joyful anticipation. Services conducted by Will J. Erwood.

Passed to the higher life at the home of her daughter in Vicksburg, Mich., Mrs. Sarah Hughes, a pioneer Spiritualist of that section. Mrs. Hughes has always been an active worker in reform movements. She suffered much in the latter part of her life, and looked forward to the change called death as a diploma which would grant her freedom from physical ills. Services conducted by Will J. Erwood.

Passed to the higher life Mar. 12, 1908, Mrs. Lizzie Millisack, aged 71 years, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Addie M. Cockerill, in Ottumwa, Iowa. She was a true Spiritualist, and a noble woman, beloved by all who knew her. She will be remembered by many of the campers at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. The transition service was held Mar. 14, conducted by Dr. Julian P. Johnson, of Iowa City, Iowa.

A. D. Newman passed to spirit life from Worcester, Mass., Jan. 25, 1908, aged 92 years. He had an unflinching faith in Spiritualism. His funeral service was held from his late home; his interment in Sterling, Mass. J. L. N.

FATE MASTERED. And Destiny Fulfilled. By W. J. Colville. A dainty book of 52 pages, bound in the typical white cover with cat-tail decoration. Contents: Fate Mastered. Interior Force. Its Practical Evolution. Thought as a Shield. The Human Aura. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

What All the World's Seeking. RALPH WALDO TRICE. Each is building a new world; thought is the builder; for thoughts are forces—subtle, vital, irresistible, omnipotent—and according to need they bring lower or higher, peace or pain, success or failure. From this page. The above book is beautifully bound in gray-green cloth, stamped in deep red and gold, with 500 pp. Price, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

Passed to the higher life, at the home of her daughter in Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Emily Blake, aged 81. Mrs. Blake has been a sufferer for quite a long time, and the change came as a pleasant release. She was for over 40 years an ardent Spiritualist, and looked forward to the change with joyful anticipation. Services conducted by Will J. Erwood.

Passed to the higher life at the home of her daughter in Vicksburg, Mich., Mrs. Sarah Hughes, a pioneer Spiritualist of that section. Mrs. Hughes has always been an active worker in reform movements. She suffered much in the latter part of her life, and looked forward to the change called death as a diploma which would grant her freedom from physical ills. Services conducted by Will J. Erwood.

Passed to the higher life Mar. 12, 1908, Mrs. Lizzie Millisack, aged 71 years, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Addie M. Cockerill, in Ottumwa, Iowa. She was a true Spiritualist, and a noble woman, beloved by all who knew her. She will be remembered by many of the campers at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. The transition service was held Mar. 14, conducted by Dr. Julian P. Johnson, of Iowa City, Iowa.

A. D. Newman passed to spirit life from Worcester, Mass., Jan. 25, 1908, aged 92 years. He had an unflinching faith in Spiritualism. His funeral service was held from his late home; his interment in Sterling, Mass. J. L. N.

FATE MASTERED. And Destiny Fulfilled. By W. J. Colville. A dainty book of 52 pages, bound in the typical white cover with cat-tail decoration. Contents: Fate Mastered. Interior Force. Its Practical Evolution. Thought as a Shield. The Human Aura. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

What All the World's Seeking. RALPH WALDO TRICE. Each is building a new world; thought is the builder; for thoughts are forces—subtle, vital, irresistible, omnipotent—and according to need they bring lower or higher, peace or pain, success or failure. From this page. The above book

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE—The Questions and Answers have been written by spiritists, and are not to be taken as the opinions of the editor. The most condensed answers to the questions are given, and the style is as plain as possible. Correspondents often write their questions in a way that makes it difficult to answer them. The supply of matter is always very large, and it is impossible to give answers to all. Everyone has to wait his time, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTE—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full names and addresses must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry regarding private matters. While I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondence is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

A Spiritualist Inquirer:—Q.—How is it possible to reconcile the conflicting communications purporting to come from spirits? When spiritual teachers are so at variance, whom shall we believe? One teaches reincarnation, another holds it up to ridicule. One disbelieves in the existence of Christ, another believes in a great medium, or even divine. One believes in evil spirits. Another finds all good. One is an atheist, another a deist, another resolves God to a principle.

A.—This subject has been brought constantly to the front, and been one of the chief arguments of opposers, and a stumbling block for believers. Yet this confusion is just what would be inferred would be the result, if communications were received from the spirit world, granting one of the first principles of the spiritual philosophy, that spirit life is a continuance of this, and the spirit retains its character, attainments, and knowledge without acquiring any marked superiority in any direction. The argument has weight, and the difficulty is a difficulty only to those who endow spirits with superhuman, and all-prescient knowledge. This is a remnant of the old belief in the power of spiritual beings.

There are all grades of intelligence, morality, culture, and beliefs in the spirit world as there are in earth life. There are the most ignorant, superstitious, the most enlightened and endowed in the spirit world. Is it possible there should be agreement? Why is not perfect agreement demanded among mankind? Why not offer the antagonism in teachings as evidence that the human race does not exist, or that the communications made one to another are valueless?

Go into any good library, say the Congressional, note the miles and miles of shelving, loaded with books, on every conceivable subject. Law, medicine, theology, religion, science, fiction, history, belles lettres; scores and hundreds of authors on the same subject. If it were possible to read them all, and with blue pencil, could passages conflicting with other writers, when we had finished the tremendous task, how many pages do you think would have escaped the blue cancellation?

There would be only pages unmarked that were characterless and without thought. There is not in all the literature of the world a passage making any statement but a contradiction may be found in some other book. Even the Golden Rule is not excepted.

More than half the books make no claim to be more than fiction. They are purely of imagination, and when this is applied to affairs of practical life it is called by another name of one syllable.

Rider Haggard writes such books as "She" and is read with delight for the tension created in the mind by his stupendous stretch of fancy.

Rider Haggard as a spiritist might, through a medium, write a complementary volume, putting our minds on greater tension. It would be all well, if some Spiritualist did not rise and claim the fancies, or, in plain words, the impossible lies. The necessary, true, because from spirits.

There are many books of this character, claiming to be of spiritual origin, and they may be so taken without harm, if at their real value. Because a novel is written by a spirit, does not make it of Bible authority.

We have attempted to read books purporting to be written by spirits, and find them, as a rule, full of statements only ignorance of the rudiments of science would have sanctioned. Perhaps the mediums were not good receiving instruments, and stumbled in utterance. Perhaps the spirits were of that class who talk on any or all subjects, whether they know anything about them or not, and the more fluent the less they know.

I have taken books from library shelves written by men, famous books, ponderous in size, discussing the dogmas of theology or the problems of metaphysics. I have read with a sort of dazed and subdued spirit, the pompous sentences, replete with erudition and assertions bolstered up by assertions of preceding authors, and as I read I have wondered how a human mind could thus wander through fog-banks, until it came to believe the fog is substance and all there is in the world!

No spirit writing has been given, comparable in plainness and ignorance, to the tens of thousands of volumes preserved in the great libraries. Their value is not in what they contain, but as illustrations of a certain phase of mental growth.

It may be said that mathematics is indispensable, but there are millions and millions of people who would hesitate over a simple problem in arithmetic, and to whom geometry would be as an unknown tongue.

There are yet people who do not believe the world is round, or that it revolves around the sun. There are those who every now and then arise to "give to the world" a "NEW theory of gravitation," or of the tides,

ignoring, or denying the received solutions of these phenomena. (One has, with stupendous cheek, gone so far as denying that the world is round or even flat, with the surface inhabited, but PROVES BY MATHEMATICS (?) that it is a hollow sphere, inhabited only on the inner concave surface! And yet more strange, he has followers in numbers!)

The methods of treatment of disease vary with the schools of medicine. The homeopathic remedies are exactly the reverse of the allopathic; and a great class who discard drugs. If one is sick and calls a council of doctors, he will find the sugar pills, another quinine, another dosing with water, another to lie still and let nature have her course.

Well, what are we to do? Conclude that there is no authority anywhere, and mankind an illusion? Or shall we trust our reason and once for all cast away the desire of weakness for an infallible guide and dependence? There is no other authority left us. Whatever comes; whatever the claims from man, spirit, or God, is to be judged by its intrinsic value, and not by the claim it makes as to its source.

MEDICINE DIVINE.

BISHOP DECLINES.

Samuel Fallows Draws Inference From the Fact of St. Luke Being a Physician.—Talks of Mind Healing.—Says Christian Science Is Burdened Down With Much Philosophic Rubbish.

That the medical profession has divine sanction and that the Christian clergy were pioneers in the science of medicine was proclaimed by Bishop Samuel Fallows in a talk at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium on "Christianity and Health."

In proof of his assertion Bishop Fallows stated that St. Luke was a physician and that the first hospitals in the world were established by the Christians in Rome to care for their brethren who were tortured physically for their faith.

The speaker explained his system of "faith healing" and declared there is no case of "functional disorders of the nervous system" that cannot be cured by "religious therapeutics."

"The medical profession is one of the grandest in the world," said Bishop Fallows. "St. Luke was a physician and this proves that God placed his divine approval on the medical profession. The gospel according to St. Luke has the touch of the physician in it. How incomplete would have been the apostolic band without this great physician!"

He differentiated from Christian Science, so-called. Instead of proclaiming a half truth, we proclaim the whole truth of Jesus Christ. We have bodies and we can't deny it. No matter how much philosophic rubbish may be fought forward in denial of the fact.

"I can disprove every statement made that the bible speaks against medical treatment of our bodily ills. The early Christians always took medical care of their bodies."

"Why, the first hospitals in the world were started by the Christians in Rome to heal the bodies of those who suffered for their faith. At first the Christian clergy performed both the functions of the medical and spiritual physicians. Then came the interdict separating these functions on account of the great amount of time required by the clergy in the healing of the physically sick."

"Room for Medical Science. "With the coming of modern times has come a great increase in functional disorders of the nervous system. About 75 per cent of all diseases are purely mental or psychic and it is these cases with which we are concerned. The care and cure of purely physical ailments have been solved by medical science."

"Christian Science has discovered the law of persuasion and suggestion, a truth which always existed. This cult also discovered the truth that a majority of ills are mental. That is all. The philosophic rubbish with which they surround these simple truths is absolutely worthless."

"The present movement is simply a revival among the clergy of the Christian application of these old laws and truths. But you must have faith. Sin is the breaking of the laws of God. If you want to be healed, get into harmony with the divine laws of body, mind and soul."

PHOTOGRAPHS

Of the Invisible Things to Be Taken By Scientists.

London, Eng.—Frederick Hovenden, Vice-President of the London Institution and a member of many learned societies, is preparing four lectures, entitled "A Study of the Principles of Nature," in which he divulges some startling scientific discoveries, the truth of which he is prepared to prove by experiment.

Mr. Hovenden declares first that electricity, heat and ether are one and the same fluid and if illuminated can be made visible to the naked eye. His second startling statement is that he can take moving pictures of the invisible.

His theory is that every human being exhales ether or electricity at the finger tips, and that moving pictures may be taken of this process.

"This last assertion, Prof. Hovenden claims to have proved in the following way.

A square glass box is filled with cigarette smoke, mixed with ordinary air. The experimenter thrusts a finger through a hole in the bottom of this glass box, and turns on a powerful arc lamp. The ether or electricity are immediately seen issuing from the finger tips and of this photographs may be taken. The electricity issues from minute holes on the top of the minute finger ridges which are used for making impressions in the police system of identification.

Prof. Hovenden adds that the fluid issuing from the finger tips is electricity, proved beyond dispute by the galvanometer. Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. The work of a strong, logical thinker, on the most important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

Investigation of Mediums.

(Continued from page 5.)

dim (as I subsequently learned) had been exposed in the past, I think we shall be quite justified in asserting that fraud is the true and sufficient explanation of this supposed case of spirit slate-writing.

Sec. II.—Materializing Seances.

It is difficult to obtain a place in a materializing circle at Lily Dale, as strangers are more or less distrusted, and I had to obtain a practical recommendation from an old sitter before I was allowed to attend any of the materializing seances held by the three materializing mediums on the grounds. I did manage to obtain such introductions in every case, however, and give herewith the results of my experiences with the only three materializing mediums that were at Lily Dale—Joseph Jonson, Mrs. Moss, of Chicago, and C. Nichols. I give these in the order indicated.

Seance With Joseph Jonson—for Materialization.

Aug. 5, 1907.
The seance began soon after 8 p. m., about twenty persons being present. Before the seance began, a brief examination of the cabinet and adjoining room was made. A plan follows, which will make the subsequent account clearer.

The four doors leading into the room were locked and the keys placed in the pocket of one of the members of the circle. They were not bolted or fastened in any other way whatsoever.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

falling down upon her shoulders. She did not speak, but touched me with an unmistakable human hand, warm and life-like. I could see her face only very indistinctly, but enough to know that it was that of a girl. I was not allowed to touch the form, but the manager held both my hands while I talked to it. A precaution, I may add, that was taken in every case. Evidently the medium did not care to risk any exposure. I may say that my sister died years before I was born, soon after her birth. I never knew her, except as a name. When she was living, she would be nearly forty years of age. The spirit representing her was, therefore, somewhat out of place and incorrect.

The materializations seemed to me to be easily explained by the well-known methods of conjurers, and this for several reasons: (1) that no test conditions were imposed; (2) that the forms were absolutely unlike any possible sister of mine—either on the theory that she appeared to me as she passed out, or as she now is; (3) that the light was so low that nothing was possible in the way of identification; (4) that several incidents strongly suggested trickery—the most prominent being the saying of the curtains, above referred to; the fact that a faint slip of light was once visible in room A, when the curtains were parted, while there should have been no light, if all doors and windows had remained closed; the fact that, in several of the visible dematerializations, I distinctly saw the process—saw the figure bend down gradually, then lie flat, and finally pull the head under a piece of black cloth with a jerk; that, in visible materializations, I also saw the process—saw the form gradually stand more and more erect, until its full height had been attained; the fact that the trumpet was accidentally knocked over by a spirit, when in the cabinet, this being followed by a smothered ejaculation; the fact that this medium has been previously exposed, as I afterwards ascertained;—for all these and other reasons that I would take too long to detail here, I came to the conclusion that the materializations were not all the manifestations observed in the presence of this medium.

Seance With Mrs. Moss, for Materialization.

Aug. 6, 1907.
There were about twenty persons present at this seance beside myself—all of them thorough believers, many of them having been present at the seance the evening before. The medium had just arrived, and there had been a great rush to obtain seats at her seances. Only by a lucky chance did I get in when I did. I appended herewith a diagram of the seance room, in order to make my subsequent remarks clearer.

A brief examination of the cabinet was made. As examinations of this kind are quite useless, I did not take part in it. Traps can always be cut so as to escape a hasty examination, and it is quite useless to look for them in the cabinet. So long as phenomena of this sort are produced in the medium's own house, it is almost impossible to circumvent trickery, and it is useless to attempt it. No examination was made, either of the medium or

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

The diagram shows the layout of the room and the positions of the mediums and the cabinet.

debited to the medium very much for that speech, as we shall presently see. The room being dark, the usual period of waiting and "singing was endured—a woman sitting next the door at C taking an active part in all the songs. She was, I am quite convinced, a confederate—not on that account, but because of the fact that she seemed to know so much of the medium's business, and reminded the manager of two or three points he had forgotten to mention in his opening speech. It is impossible to convey my state of mind. I was to receive further confirmation later, however.

The usual forms now issued from and stood at the cabinet; one slipped about the room, wearing a belt of phosphorescent stars. But the majority of the forms merely appeared between the curtains, indicated certain persons to whom they desired to talk, and carried on whispered conversation with such persons, when they stepped up to the cabinet. The forms were all clothed alike—in a long, white robe, and were very indistinct. No test information whatever was given, except such as had already been given through other materializing mediums. Thus, as soon as a gentleman in the circle stated that a son of his—a young man—had been killed some months previously in an accident,—that young man appeared and referred to the accident, etc. No other information of any sort was given, and the seance was concluded.

Besides the juvenile spirits that appeared from time to time, there also materialized the forms of some men and women. These did not advance into the room, but remained at the opening of the curtains. These forms were, without exception, the medium herself (wearing a long, white robe and disguised), or wearing robes that enveloped her face. How do I know this? For the reason that every one of the spirits—both male and female—spoke the same bad English as did the medium; because they one and all left out their H's, where they were wanted, and put them in where they were not wanted; just the manner of the uneducated Englishman; and because the spirits, one and all gave a little snorting gasp at the end of each sentence, when they got out of breath—just as the medium did. She is an exceedingly fat woman, and gets out of breath easily. I listened carefully, and in every single instance I could detect and trace this similarity.

My sister "Eva" materialized for me. I suggested "Eva" and she "came." I never had a sister Eva, so she was a little out of place. However, she "came" as a little girl about ten years old, with a hooked nose, bright black eyes, and a fringe of fair hair over her forehead. Her doll-like appearance was very manifest. After she dematerialized, I was on the point of walking back to my chair, but was told to wait. I returned to the curtains of the cabinet, and my mother announced herself present, "who had died from consumption." The curtains were pulled aside, and I put my hand to the opening, since it was so dark I could see nothing. And there, in the dim twilight of that seance room I beheld one of the most ghastly, most truly terrifying faces I have ever seen. It was white and drawn, and almost shiny in its glossy, ashen hue. The eyes were wide open and staring. The head and face were encircled in white; and altogether the face was one of the most appalling I have ever beheld, and it would have required a great deal of fortitude, for the moment, to look steadily at that terrifying face,—in that still, quiet room, in response to the spirit's demand, "Look at me!" The distance between our faces was not more than six inches; and after the first shock, I regarded the face intently. I was spurred by curiosity and excitement, and prompted yet further by the spirit form, who grasped my wrist, through the curtain, and drew me yet closer—until I was nearly in the cabinet itself. I remembered that my mother had not died from consumption, and that the present face in no wise resembled hers, and my feeling of terror lasted but an instant; but it was there at the time, I confess. I regarded the face intently, and it was gradually withdrawn into the shadow of the cabinet, and the curtains pulled over it. I am certain that had I been in an excited and unbalanced frame of mind at that instant, I should have sworn that the face actually melted away as I looked at it. But my mental balance was by that time regained, and I could analyze what was before me. I can quite easily see now that the person who was wearing the melting away of a face before their eyes, after my own experience. The appearances clearly indicated that, and it was only my alertness to the possibility of deception, in this direction, which prevented my testifying to the same effect.

While most of the sitters were convinced of the identity of the spirits, all were not equally satisfied. Thus, two brothers and two sisters went to the cabinet, while "their mother" materialized. Both the men were satisfied, but neither of the women were. Others could not recognize their departed, while many of the supposed recognitions were absurd. The figure might have been anybody's anything, and I had one of the best seats in the room for observing all that went on.

Early in the seance we were requested to keep our feet flat on the floor and our hands off our knees. In that way, we were told, we should get better results. I was very much interested, and made plain to me the reason for this request. "Starlight!"—she of the phosphorescent belt—was prancing about the room, and someone remarked that she never tripped over anyone's feet. She immediately replied: "No, if you all keep your feet flat on the floor, I never would." So that was the reason for keeping the feet flat on the floor; in order to prevent "Starlight" from tripping over them, and falling to the floor with an audible and material thud!

Another thing I noticed was, the manager stood very close to me when my friends and relatives materialized. I was a new-comer, and this was evidently to frustrate any attempt on my part to "grab." I had no such intentions, however, having given my word that I would not.

I noticed one or two interesting things, in connection with the seance. One of the "little" spirits who played the "baby" spoke, was the very same little girl who played similar parts at the materializing seances

the evening before. Her speech, her language, her mannerisms, were all the same; and I have no doubt whatever that both mediums hired the same little girl—who went from one circle to the other. And what makes this all the more probable is the fact that these materializing mediums held seances on alternate nights,—on different evenings; and the same confederate would, therefore, "spook" for both mediums. As I have discussed this question at considerable length elsewhere, however, I shall not devote more space to it here.

It will be remembered that the door, close to the cabinet, was closed after the light was extinguished,—and after the confederate was safely in the cabinet. If that confederate were to escape, therefore, it would be necessary to open the door again before the light was turned up, for otherwise escape would be impossible. I determined to watch for this. It may be imagined, then I was considerably surprised when, at the conclusion of the seance, the door was lighted without this door having been opened. For a moment, I thought I must have been wrong; but the doors of the seance room were thrown open at that moment, and the people began to pay their money and file out. I walked over to the cabinet, to again look inside, and possibly throw some further light on the mystery, but was confronted by the woman who had led in the singing, and taken an active part in the operations throughout,—who sat next the door (at C) and who, as I am convinced, a confederate, "No; I could not see the medium; she was exhausted;" that was what I was told; and I was not permitted to enter the room, or even approach the cabinet. But I got near enough to hear smothered whisperings inside the cabinet, talking with the medium! No one had even thought of examining the cabinet after the seance was over, and it was consequently unnecessary for the little girl, who had produced the manifestations (or her share of them) to escape at all—thus accounting for the puzzling fact that the door had remained closed, as before stated. This capped the climax, and furnished the final proof that the manifestations observed by me, and obtained through this medium, were of the usual kind throughout; and there, in the least shred of evidence for anything supernatural or even supernatural in the whole performance, from beginning to end.

In order to test my hypothesis further, I asked a lady who was about to attend one of Mrs. Moss' seances to note particularly whether the lamp was extinguished before the door leading from the seance room to the kitchen, was closed, or not. She reported next day that such was the case. An "accident" of this kind does not happen every night; but suggests, in short, that this is a dodge resorted to at every seance, in order to introduce a confederate into the seance room.

Later.
In a letter, received from this same lady, some days after I left Lily Dale, was contained the following information:

"Dr. (I don't remember his name) went to the Moss seance and asked the medium to quaver as a child. Oh! The shame of it. He was promptly given back his money, and put out of the house."

I think this will complete this medium's record, so far as we need concern ourselves with it. It shows, also, that the Spiritualists, at campmeetings of this character, do not want the truth; but will continue to patronize mediums that have been exposed time and time again, rather than admit that they have been humbugged.

Seance With C. Nichols, for Materialization.

Aug. 8, 1907.
About twelve persons, besides myself, attended this seance,—the medium preferring fewer sitters than most of the others. In speaking to several of the ladies and gentlemen on the veranda before the seance began, they told me that the medium had been in their home for several days, holding seances, during which period they had satisfied themselves of his honesty. The forms were less distinct, it was said,—and for that reason, I thought, more probably soon after this we went into the house, and were arranged somewhat as follows. I subjoin a diagram of the seance room.

The two persons sitting at A and B, respectively, can be treated as confederates. At B was a man who explained much, expounding the difficulties of spirit communication, etc.; and at A was seated a woman who led in the singing, and who kept me much about the medium and his work. She stood up a great many times, and it was upon her arm that many of the materialized spirits walked into the room. My own position was at C. It will be observed that there was a door close to the cabinet curtains, and this was opened just before the seance

began "In order to give the sitters some air," and remained open throughout the seance.

It would have been the easiest thing to creep into the cabinet from the adjoining room,—especially when the lady at A stood up, thus effectually blocking all view of this part of the room. The adjoining room was not searched, and the doors were not sealed; not even locked. The medium was not searched, nor was the cabinet examined—either before or after the seance. A trap-door was, therefore, quite possible; though I do not think it was used. The supposition receives some support from the fact that the carpet had been removed from the floor of the room, leaving the bare boards exposed to view. We were shown the interior of the cabinet, before the seance began, by the medium, who made a brief speech. The light was regulated from the cabinet by

means of a string, passing from the one to the other. The light was lowered, and the seance began.

I need not repeat, in detail, the happenings of this seance, which merely repeated the incidents of the two previously described. Various forms issued from the cabinet, completely clothed in white, and having their heads and forms well covered with veiling—a sort of net. The light was exceedingly bright throughout, even the Spiritualists complaining of it. It was next to impossible to distinguish anything. At the moment when the spirit was identified, the light would be slightly raised, and the face turned towards the sitter who had advanced to the cabinet for that purpose. Just as soon as the eyes began to appreciate the detail of the face, however, the light would be shut off instantly, and the form would retreat into the cabinet. I found that it took several seconds to identify any person, in that dim light; and, before that time had elapsed, the light was invariably shut off and the figure retreated into the cabinet. So far as I remember no one positive identification was made.

At various times, there issued from the cabinet so-called Indians, Hindus, etc., who were supposedly "guides" of several of the sitters, and who were recognized by them because of their size, and because of the fact that their names were whispered. No spirit spoke above a whisper, except the "cabinet control," who "passed the forms together," and who talked in a childish voice, obviously forced and disguised. No test information was given, except in one case. An old gentleman, a constant attendant at seances, made a constant attempt to materialize, "touch me where you said you would, this morning,—remember?" At the same time he advanced his head. The spirit touched him lightly on the top of the head. He claimed this as an excellent test. Anyone would have guessed the spot, however, from the manner in which he advanced his head towards the medium; and in any case we have only to suppose a collusion between the trumpet medium and the materializing medium in order to account for the fact. I have discussed this matter of collusion elsewhere.

A rather amusing incident occurred, during the seance. One of the spirits caught her drapery in the points of one of the ladies' hair. Did the piece of drapery dematerialize? No indeed! The poor spirit had to walk ignominiously, outside the cabinet in the middle of the floor, while the drapery was unhooked! Another incident was this. Towards the close of the seance the medium walked out into the room, where she was in a trance—a form appearing at the opening of the cabinet curtains, at the same time. Evidently some confederate was employed. When the medium returned to the cabinet, a head was thrust from the opening, between the curtains, and the light was turned up. "The medium," exclaimed someone, "if it is he's grown whiskers," remarked some one else. (Which shows that Spiritualists do not lack a sense of humor, at times.) But the solution at once suggested itself: the medium had been "transfigured!"

On one occasion, the light was accidentally turned on, and a young girl was distinctly seen, standing outside the cabinet. She did not melt, as a result of the sudden and unexpected illumination, however, but opened the curtains, and darted into the cabinet. The light was lowered by closing the shutter with a bang. On another occasion a sound issued from the cabinet, exactly corresponding to one that would be produced by accidentally knocking one's elbow against a plastered wall.

Only one figure "came" for me—my mother. The form did not speak, but advanced into the room. I advanced, and, in response to my question whether it was she, the figure bowed. At that instant, the light was turned on quite full for an instant, and I clearly saw that the form before me was being represented by a young girl, about sixteen years of age, with long, brown hair. The face was turned half away from me, and shielded by the drapery. I clearly saw the face for that instant, however, and the fraud stood confessed for me. Soon after this, the seance ended.

By subsequent inquiry, I have ascertained that this medium has been exposed before, on these very grounds. He was unable to return for three years. On that occasion it was proved that he and another medium were in the habit of meeting at a certain spot in the woods and exchanging information about the acts of thus exchanging their information by the Spiritualists present at the time, and were forced to leave the grounds. Taken in connection with the facts brought forward in the above report, I think we need not stretch our imaginations very far in conceiving of the fraud alone in the adequate explanation of all the phenomena witnessed at the seance described above.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.
By Emma Road Tuttle. This volume contains the best poems of the author, and some of the best popular songs with the music by eminent composers. The poems are admirably adapted for recitations. 225 pages, beautifully bound. Price \$1.00.

"The Spirit—Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lillian Whiting. One of Miss Whiting's most suggestive, intensely interesting spiritual books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. Price 1.00.

"Worry, Hurry, Scurry, Flurry Cured." By the Spiritualist and Prophet Wm. E. Towne. Tells how to cast away worry, anxieties, needless cares, etc. Price 25 cents.

"Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." By Frederic W. H. Myers, edited and abridged by his son, Leopold Hamilton Myers. This is an invaluable work on the subject of Spiritualism. Price \$3.00.

MANUAL of Magnetic Healing. Instructions with reference to the use of Magnetism as a Therapeutic Agent, and also some advice as to the development of the Psychometric faculties in those who have that gift undeveloped. To which is added an Appendix on Vegetarianism. By Daniel W. Hull, M. D., M. H. Price 25 cents.

Success and Happiness and How to Obtain Them. A series of 26 lectures in which the author presents as a Fine Art. Price, 25 cents.

